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REVIEWS.

EXTRA-CANONICAL SCRIPTURES.

Sayings of Our Lord. Discovered and Edited by B. P. Grenfell, M.A., and A. S. Hunt, M.A. (Henry Frowde.)

THE systematic exploration of Egypt in search of Greek MSS. has led to one more find, highly interesting, but of tantalising brevity and incompleteness. In the course of last winter's excavations Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt turned up among the rubbish-heaps of Oxyrhynchus, on the edge of the Libyan Desert, large quantities of papyri, among which was a single leaf apparently detached from "a book containing a collection of Logia, or Sayings of our Lord." They have hastened to publish the precious fragment, and it now lies before us in an excellent and convenient edition, containing a facsimile of the original document, a reprint of the Greek text in uncial characters, a second reprint in ordinary Greek type accompanied by a translation and a most useful commentary, and followed by a few pages of general remarks. We may trust German scholarship to restore it before long to the condition in which it was discovered at Oxyrhynchus.

The papyrus leaf originally contained eight sayings attributed to Jesus Christ, but of these two are defaced beyond hope of recovery. One agrees verbatim with Luke vi. 42; another agrees partially with Luke iv. 24; and a third recalls Matt. v. 14 and vii. 24, 25, but cannot, according to the editors, be a "mere conflation of the two passages" referred to. The three remaining Logia are entirely new, not being traceable to our canonical Gospels nor to any other extant source; and certain fragmentary indications seem to show that the two indecipherable sayings are also new. The sense of those which can be read is rather obscure, a fact that may possibly account for their exclusion from the canonical Gospels. The editors do not discuss the question of their authenticity, but attribute to them in their present form a date not

later than the end of the first century. One embodies a warning which seems, if taken literally, to contravene the whole spirit of evangelical teaching, although no canonical saying of Jesus has ever been so faithfully observed by the self-styled evangelical party. According to the papyrus He declares that "except ye keep the Sabbath ye shall not see the Father." But it is possible that to keep the Sabbath may here mean to renounce the world.

Another saying, equally enigmatical, declares that Jesus will be found by lifting the stone or cleaving the wood. Even the Fourth Gospel contains no utterance so mystical as this. The editors suggest that the presence of Christ in all things may be implied; or, much less probably, that the words are "intended to teach the effort required in order to find Christ" (p. 14). One thinks of the proverbial references to "oak and rock" among the Greeks as sources of things that come up unexpectedly, unaccountably, nobody can tell whence. Another parallel is supplied by the theophany of the burning bush and by the water that gushed from the rock in the desert, which has been also interpreted as a manifestation of Christ. Were the saying canonical it would doubtless be adduced by those who identify Christ with the Word by whom all things were made as an irrefragable argument for their theology. All will agree that trees, rocks, and other equally material objects were employed in a very human way by Jesus to illustrate the coming kingdom of heaven; and from the kingdom to the King is no very difficult transition.

Our papyrus repeats the saying about the prophet who is not received in his own country, and adds to it another which is quite new, that a physician cannot cure those who know him. Whether genuine or not these last words evidently refer to the rejection of the Gospel by the Jews, and therefore add nothing to the old points of view. It would be interesting to know whether the Palestinian practitioners were really only successful in dealing with strangers. If so, their experience differed widely from that of the modern faculty, among whom a close acquaintance with the constitution and habits of the patient derived from long personal intimacy counts for much in making the diagnosis and in prescribing the remedy.

Finally, we may mention a saying which, although not placed last in this little collection, stands at the furthest remove from the tone of the Synoptic Gospels, and for bitterness of disappointment exceeds any utterance of the Johannine Jesus. The Redeemer says, or is made to say, that He stood in the midst of the world, and to His soul's distress met with no recognition from the sons of men. Clearly our fragmentist (or the source which he copies) represents no particular sect or doctrinal tendency. His interest, apparently, was to collect sayings of Jesus from every quarter, and to transcribe them for the edification of believers.

After all, the real value of these Logia will probably be found to be not so much in their more or less doubtful, more or less enigmatical additions to the recorded words

of Christ, as in the light which they may be expected to throw on certain vexed questions of New Testament criticism. For example, it is a moot point whether the original Matthew wrote our First Gospel, or, indeed, whether he wrote what we should call a gospel at all. Papias, our earliest authority on the subject, speaks of Matthew as having made a collection of Logia or discourses of the Lord, not as having written a narrative of his life. Now, as the editors justly observe, we have got in this papyrus

"for the first time a concrete example of what was meant by the Logia which Papias tells us were compiled by St. Matthew and the *λόγια κυριακά* upon which Papias himself wrote a commentary. . . . It is not, of course, at all likely that our fragment has any actual connexion either with the Hebrew Logia of St. Matthew or the *λόγια κυριακά* of Papias. . . . [but] the discovery strongly supports the view that in speaking of *λόγια* Papias and Eusebius intended some similar collection" (p. 18).

But this is not all. Modern criticism has shown strong reasons for doubting that the rich collection of discourses contained in our "Matthew" faithfully reproduce the contents of the precious document ascribed by Papias to the Apostle himself. For a comparison with the text of our third Evangelist—Luke or another—shows serious discrepancies in their respective reports of what was evidently the same discourse, especially in the case of the Sermon on the Mount; and the much less artificial arrangement adopted by "Luke" suggests that his is the more faithful transcript from the original source—probably the Logia of the true Matthew. It becomes, therefore, a matter of importance to note with which Evangelist our papyrus exhibits the more marked agreement. There is no doubt about it. The editors point out that in the saying about the unhonoured prophet the word *δεκτός* (acceptable) which is employed by the papyrus is also that used by Luke, whereas Matthew has a quite different phrase. It also seems quite clear that the new source is not copied from Luke. Thus each receives an independent support from the other as regards antiquity and nearness to the primordial source. It may be said that this is building too much on one word. But in the absence of more copious evidence we cannot afford to neglect any, even the slightest, indication. The judicious use of such trifling hints constitutes the method of Zadig, which, as Huxley as shown, is the method of science.

With regard to the Johannine problem, the new fragment unfortunately has nothing to help us. It contains, indeed, a couple of Johannine phrases, but these are evidently not quotations; and those who impugn the apostolic origin of the Fourth Gospel would not now deny that it represents a line of thought extending back to the first century.

But we must not trespass any further on the privilege which the editors of this most interesting pamphlet may justly claim of telling their own story in their own way, especially as a cheap edition of the Logia has been issued at a price which leaves those interested in the subject—that is, all who care about religion—without an excuse for not procuring themselves a copy.

SCIENTIFIC IMMORTALITY.

The Place of Death in Evolution. By Newman Smyth. (Fisher Unwin.)

THIS is the latest attempt to bridge over the gap that still yawns between the conclusions of science and the aspirations of religious faith. Mr. Newman Smyth thinks that the time has come for a vital reconstruction of Christian theology, as the result of "a deeper knowledge and a truer interpretation of the Sacred Scripture of Life which the hand of God has written in nature. The coming theologian, therefore," our author opines—"the next successful defender of the faith once given to the saints—will be a trained and accomplished biologist." Mr. Newman Smyth is not himself a trained and accomplished biologist, but, as a diligent student of the German school of biologists, he has some thought of undertaking the task to which he refers. What is needed, in his opinion, is

"a thorough and comprehensive demonstration of the fact, which the disciple of old perceived, that the life was manifested in the Christ, and that His essential words meet and match the great principles of life which have been hidden in nature's heart from the beginning."

The present volume is a first step towards the realisation of the author's dream. Difficulties, of course, there are in the way.

"The science of biology itself has been far too crude, and its theories are still too tentative, and even conflicting at many points, to warrant us as yet in building upon them, over-confidently, the higher conclusions of the Christian reason. Nevertheless, within the past thirty years, and since Darwin, some sure ground has been gained by evolutionary science, and biology in particular is opening fields of knowledge which invite fresh inquiry on the part of thoughtful believers."

Mr. Newman Smyth is careful in all cases to write "nature" with a small "n," which at once differentiates him from the merely scientific investigator; his capitals are reserved for theological names and abstractions. This will inspire confidence in a class of reader who is not greatly interested in the labours of Weismann, Bütschli, Maupas, Nussbaum, and other investigators of the germ-cell; but Mr. Newman Smyth must be credited with more than a smattering of his subject on its scientific side. In an appendix to the volume he gives an excellent summary of the present state of our knowledge with regard to unicellular and other primitive organisms, among which the problem of life and death is first presented. It is to be feared that his theology is not quite so comprehensive or satisfactory as his biology, since he ignores completely the questions of sin and salvation, which are surely the fundamentals of Christianity. Perhaps these are the doctrines that are destined to go by the board when the next "vital reconstruction" of Christian theology is effected; but if so, one may be pardoned for inquiring how much of the existing edifice of Christianity will then remain, and whether it is worth while, in Mr. Newman Smyth's system, to keep up the familiar series of sacred names and symbols with capitals. If capitals mean anything to the

unbending utilitarians, why not god and Germ-plasm? Or genesis and Geology?

The basis of Mr. Newman Smyth's speculations as to the future of humanity is Prof. Weismann's fascinating contention that the unicellular organisms multiplying themselves by fission are immortal, no such thing as death occurring among them, and that death is a secondary development in the scale of life, the concomitant of sexuality, and useful as the cause of variation. "Death," says Weismann, "and the longer or shorter duration of life, both depend entirely on adaptation. It is not an essential attribute of living matter, it is neither necessarily associated with reproduction nor a necessary consequence of it." Using this statement as a sort of spring-board, Mr. Newman Smyth takes a bold leap into space:

"Death has a selective and adaptive function to fulfil so long as sex continues to reproduce, to elevate, to enhance, and beautify life. But shall there come a time," he inquires, "is there a pitch and perfection of spiritual organisation to be reached, when neither of these first friends and helpers of life shall be longer needed? Shall life at last attain a freedom and perfection where the constant attendance of these two servants, sex and death, shall be no longer useful, and may, therefore, be dispensed with?"

Gathering courage as he proceeds with a series of interrogations in this strain, the author finally asks whether the climax indicated in our development is not already reached:

"Has not the evolution of life, through sex and death among other means, reached in our spiritual being and possibility, that point of perfection intended from the beginning in which it has become capable of surviving a body no longer fitted to its use, and of persisting afterwards in some other form and relationship in which it shall no longer need death or regeneration to help it further on. . . . Death as the means of disentangling this body in which the old order ends, from the spiritual in which the new order begins, remains a mortal necessity for us all, but after the dissolution of this mortality it will have no more dominion over us. There shall be for the perfected life of spirits no need of an endless series of births and re-births. . . . The connexion throughout nature between death and sex is so intimate, so constant, so mutually serviceable that it is not going too far to say that the one probably could not have existed without the other. As nature announces the entrance of both at the same time into the world, so the gospel of the resurrection announces the departure of both together from the heavenly life: 'For in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as angels in heaven.'"

This is the highest point to which the author in his speculation soars. He does not long maintain this strength of opinion. Apparently he is haunted by the idea that he has been assuming a little too much; for almost immediately he descends from his higher flight to inquire whether the expulsion of death from the limits of human experience may not, after all, be "a process requiring a whole world-age for its completion, as nature always takes time to render any organ functionless and rudimentary." We certainly think that nature (albeit she may be put off with a small "n") is entitled to some consideration in this matter.

In fact, the author's admission that the sublimation of human nature for which he contends may not even yet be begun, suggests a fatal line of criticism with regard to this too ingenious work. If the process of sublimation is not yet begun what reason have we for assuming that it ever will be? At what point in our development does death become superfluous? Is the life of Europe better fitted for an apotheosis than that of Central Africa? Upon these vital questions Mr. Newman Smyth throws no light. He appeals to the scientific method of investigation respecting a question which lies wholly outside the sphere of evidence. The biologists deal with such evidence as comes within the range of their microscopes. But the moment the author of this book leaves the solid ground of microscopic investigation (which does not in the slightest degree affect human destinies) he works *in vacuo*. Belief or hope is one thing; evidence is another. All religions require the exercise of faith, and their domain begins where evidence in the scientific sense ends. Christianity offers no evidence in support of the existence of the soul; nor is it called upon to do so. The question of the soul, and of all that may befall it, is one of faith alone.

All that Mr. Newman Smyth deduces from the simple and compound cell with regard to human destinies is the emptiest hypothesis, and the more devout the Christian reader of this book, the more decisively he will reject the author's abstract reasoning, which is calculated to land him in the purest theism. If death is merely useful as a factor in evolution, enabling the human race to rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things; and if by dint of evolution the soul becomes finally detached from the body, to lead an independent existence here or in outer space, the question naturally arises: Where does Christianity come in? Perhaps if Mr. Newman Smyth were a more consistent biologist he would be a better theologian. The precise method of his elevation of humanity from the corporeal to the spiritual condition it is difficult to grasp. Sometimes it is represented as the ultimate end of evolution not yet reached, sometimes as a process actually going on, with the earth as a sort of forcing-house for souls which are turned out in successive batches on the most expeditious and economical principles. This book is altogether a strange product of a scientific age. Both biology and theology, perhaps, will be sorry to learn that the author contemplates publishing a bigger work on the same theme.

GUNPOWDER PLOT AGAIN.

What Gunpowder Plot Was. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner, D.C.L., LL.D. (Longmans.)

IN a volume published last autumn, and entitled *What Was Gunpowder Plot?* Father Gerard, a well-known member of the Society of Jesus, made a vigorous and, as it seemed to many critics, a successful effort to overturn the traditional account of the drama upon which is based the national feast of

November 5. His principal conclusion was that the traditional account was certainly unworthy of credence; he claimed also to have established probable grounds for the opinion that the Minister of the day, Cecil, nursed the plot for purposes of his own. Dr. Gardiner, who acknowledges cordially the ability with which the case against the Minister is developed, and the serious nature of some of the difficulties involved in the traditional tale, now comes forward to maintain its substantial accuracy.

By way of preamble, he rules out of court the whole of Father Gerard's third chapter, on "The Opinions of Contemporaries and Historians," as being of such a hearsay, vague, and unauthentic character as, according to the canons of modern historical criticism, it is safer totally to disregard. "To ask," he writes, "Mr. Spedding's question, 'What means had they of knowing?' is quite sufficient to condemn the so-called evidence." We may accept this dictum; it is applicable to much of the gossip which, in the adroit hands of the learned Jesuit, if not sufficient absolutely to build up a presumption of duplicity against the minister Cecil, served at least to envelop him in a sinister atmosphere of suspicion; but in his objection to the "purely negative character" of Father Gerard's criticism we do not perfectly follow Dr. Gardiner. By means of a metaphor that seems rather to have cumbered him, he thus explains the nature of the defect:

"When a door-key is missing the householder does not lose time in deploring the intricacy of the lock; he tries every key at his disposal to see if it will fit the wards, and only sends for the locksmith when he finds that his own keys are useless. So it is with historical inquiry. . . . Try, if need be, one hypothesis after another—Salisbury's guilt, his connivance, his innocence, or what you please. Apply them to the evidence, and when one fails to unlock the secret, try another."

But such a testing of one hypothesis at least forms an essential part of Father Gerard's work, not less than of Dr. Gardiner's, to wit, of the traditional story. Only the results are different: Father Gerard, after testing this key, dropped it back into the basket as serviceless; Dr. Gardiner, having twisted it for a while delicately this way and that among the wards, cries out that, allowing for an insignificant occasional roughness ("of course, there must be some ragged ends of the story"), it is a beautiful fit. Father Gerard's examination was not exhaustive, but, so far as he went, his method is not easily to be distinguished from that of his critic.

Father Gerard's verdict against the current version of the story is based upon evidence which, if we omit the items comprised in his third chapter mentioned above, is mainly threefold. First, he examines the authentic documents relating to the matter, throwing a strong light upon their discrepancies and inconsistencies; he endeavours, in the second place, by plans and pictures to demonstrate topographically that the conditions of space and locality admit no such incidents as those included in the official narratives; thirdly, he

would convince us that Cecil was in a tight place, and that the discovery of Powder Treason, under such circumstances as in fact did wait upon its discovery, was excellently adapted to secure his position. Dr. Gardiner has considered these points with careful pains, and answers them courteously, concisely, lucidly, and, we cannot but think, finally.

The Catholic writer has made much of the discrepancies, for instance, between the five or six confessions attributed to Fawkes. Certainly such discrepancies there are, says the Oxford man, but they are evidence of genuineness. Fawkes was no coward; he was loyal to his oath of secrecy so long as human endurance could hold out; admission after admission was forced from him, and at each examination he was obliged to answer with an eye queries which he had previously answered no, so that these very differences shape better with the theory that the Government was really in the dark than with the supposition that their story was cut and dried beforehand. Again, from the fact that the date of Winter's confession shows 23, corrected to 25—as Father Gerard says, in the man's own handwriting—he concludes that the confession was extracted by torture. A close examination of the document, Dr. Gardiner alleges in reply, shows the correction to be not in Winter's hand, but in Cole's; and for such a correction he is at no loss to suggest a technical reason; at the same time, as an explanation of the phrase "Thomas Winter doth find his hand so strong as after dinner he will settle himself to write . . . to your Lordship," upon which is based the theory that he was submitted to torture, he demonstrates that at Holbeche Winter received a ball in the shoulder.

The topographical and mechanical department of the controversy is too intricate to be taken to pieces. We can only say that, having risen from Father Gerard's book filled with assurance that, whatever did actually happen, the general course of the traditional narrative at any rate was henceforth incredible, we leave his adversary's reply with our uprooted notions once more upright and hearty. Father Gerard, for example, poured ridicule upon the notion that "these light-hearted adventurers" had been able to drive a tunnel through soft earth and to perform the ticklish operation of interfering with foundations without causing either crack or settlement. And it does seem absurd, till Dr. Gardiner reminds us, that the wars in the Low Countries had offered to Fawkes "the most complete school of military mining in the world." Cecil's motives for complicity, the theory that his position in the King's grace required a prop, will hardly stand before the fact that "he had just achieved a triumph of no common order," and in February had been raised to the earldom of Salisbury.

With such succinctness and effectiveness has one of the greatest of our living authorities answered the sprightly monograph of last autumn, and his slender volume—its dimensions are less than those of the book to which it replies—contains in addition a perfectly modelled little essay upon the relations between the Government

and the Papal Church, in which the theory that the opposition of statesmen was based mainly upon national considerations is strongly defended. A curious and, it may be hoped, to Father Gerard a consoling feature in the case is that his antagonist has come away from his task filled with a sort of reverence for the misguided men whose wild wicked scheme gained for the religion in whose interest it was conceived two hundred years of bitter distrust and ill-usage. This notice may be fitly concluded with a passage in which this sentiment is conveyed:

" . . . No candid person can, I imagine, rise from the perusal of these sentences [Winter's confession] without having his estimate of the character of the conspirators raised. There is no conscious assumption of high qualities, but each touch as it comes strengthens the belief that the men concerned in the plot were patient and loyal, brave beyond the limits of ordinary bravery, and utterly without selfish aims."

A GUIDE TO OXFORD.

Oxford and its Colleges. By J. Wells. Illustrated by E. H. New. (Methuen & Co.)

MESSRS. METHUEN are to be heartily congratulated on the success of their dainty little guide to Oxford and its colleges. It is in every way a charming book, pleasant to hold in the hand, admirably printed on good paper, and as admirably illustrated. Mr. Wells has performed his part of the work most excellently. He sets down his facts with a brevity and conciseness which are as rare in guide-books as they are desirable, while he relieves his narrative from time to time with sly touches of humour, which are very refreshing in the midst of such a mass of historical, architectural, and biographical details. The arrangement of the book strikes us as well-planned. Each college is treated in a separate chapter, which varies in length according to the amount of interesting matter which its history provides, while each chapter again is divided into two parts, the first and shorter part dealing only with the architecture and the buildings, the second with the general history of the college and the various men of note who have been educated at it. With great wisdom Mr. Wells has not attempted any elaborate survey of the Oxford of to-day in his book, or any account of its living worthies. His subject is the Oxford of the past and the history of its gradual evolution into the Oxford of the present, and the present is only touched upon in the light of that past. We are thus spared unprofitable speculations as to the results of modern educational movements, or the possibilities of future developments. The book, in fact, is essentially businesslike. Its author set before himself a definite programme, and refused to be diverted from it to any matters not strictly within its scope. There is only one point on which we think the arrangement of the matter might have been improved, and in some future edition it

might be found possible to alter this. We should like to see the date of the foundation of every college placed at the head of the chapter devoted to it. It is true that the date is generally to be found somewhere in the text (though in the case, for example, of Trinity no date is given for Sir Thomas Pope's foundation), but for purposes of reference it is always more convenient to have a definite place in which information of this kind may be found.

One other curious omission in the book may be noted in passing—namely, that whereas in the accounts of all the other colleges which possess gardens any points of interest relating to these are given, in the case of New College, whose gardens are perhaps the most beautiful in Oxford, nothing is to be found beyond a casual reference under the general heading of "Oxford" in the first chapter. Anyone reading through the account of that college would go away with the impression that, unlike Merton, Trinity, Exeter, and the rest, it had no garden. Another curious omission may be found in the chapter on Magdalen, where no mention whatever is made of the beautiful Deer Park. But these are small points, and the wonder is, not that such things have been omitted, but that room has been found for so much, considering the small size of the book.

The tone of Mr. Wells's strictures on the sins of modern Oxford architects is conscientiously moderate. Even Keble does not bring forth a railing accusation from him. Of the Brasenose buildings in the High-street he merely remarks that "it is a pity that so good a building is so over-loaded with ornament," while few will consider him unduly severe when he describes the Holywell-street front of New College as "the most terrible of all the outrages on modern Oxford." The book is full of curious and interesting bits of information about the University in all the various phases of its history, and contains many pleasant old world academic stories of dead and gone worthies—and unworthies. He quotes, by the way, Trapp's epigram on the two Universities:

"The king observing with judicious eyes
The state of both his universities,
To Oxford sent a troop of horse; and why?
That learned body wanted loyalty.
To Cambridge books he sent, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning."

But he does not quote the original epigram to which, we believe, this was only a rejoinder:

"The king to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force.
On the other hand to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument."

In the chapter on the Bodleian he tells an interesting old story which is worth repeating:

"Charles I. visited the library on more than one occasion, and is said to have here consulted the *Sortes Virgilianæ* with the most unhappy results; he had been persuaded by Lord Falk-

land to try his luck, and opened on the passage—

'Let him for succour sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace.'

And when at length the cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace."

Lord Falkland only made matters worse when, hoping to remove the bad effect of the unlucky omen, he, too, opened Virgil; his passage was that on the untimely death of Pallas:

"Oh, curst essay of arms, disastrous doom,
Prelude of bloody fields and fights to come."

The epitaph on the Non-Juror Rawlinson in the Chapel of St. John's is worth quoting for its gentle irony. He had left the bulk of his estate to his college, and requested that his heart should be buried in the chapel to the north of the altar with the inscription "Ubi Thesaurus ibi cor," which gives a new and subtle meaning to the text, "Where your treasure is there will your heart be also."

Altogether Mr. Wells's guide to Oxford is an excellent piece of work. Our only regret is that space could not be found for some account of the many interesting old churches in the city. But these are outside the subject of the book which deals only with the University. Perhaps Messrs. Methuen will be tempted to follow it up with another volume dealing with these?

A BOOK ABOUT BIRDS.

The Migration of Birds. By Charles Dixon.
(Horace Cox.)

IN 1895 Mr. Dixon published *The Migration of British Birds*, as a contribution towards the study of the geographical distribution and movements of birds and of insular faunas. More reading and observation have led him further afield, and the present book is an enlarged and corrected view of his theories on bird-life. It is marked by a thoroughness and knowledge of the subject which must render it a valuable compendium to all who are interested in the migration of birds: a fascinating study in itself, and one that touches many fields of biological and geological lore. Every variety of migration—vertical, local, nomadic and irruptive—is carefully investigated. Tables of species supposed to pass over from one to ten thousand miles during migration, and of species with a base in the intertropical realm which breed both in the northern and southern hemispheres, are appended. An Appendix also appears on the bibliography of Mr. Dixon's subject, in which, however, no mention is made of Pliny. The volume is equipped with maps, and contains forms in which modern Whites of Selborne can note the appearance and departure of migratory birds. Indeed, Mr. Dixon has taken the utmost pains to set forth his subject worthily, and, to do him justice, he has succeeded fairly well; but there is an ungracious savour throughout the book. No greater authority upon migration can be named than the late Herr

Gätke, who enjoyed unique facilities for studying the flight of birds at Heligoland. He collected a large body of statistics, but is remarkably cautious in drawing deductions from them. Ornithologists value Gätke's book on Migration on account of the sobriety of his judgments. He never presses evidence too far, never assumes a point which is not amply established by observation. Yet Mr. Dixon says:

"Profound as is our admiration for this grand old naturalist's labours, we cannot help regretting this reticence, and we feel that many of his remarks upon the question of avine migration will tend to increase rather than to dispel, the great amount of unnecessary mystery with which time and sentiment have surrounded it."

But Mr. Dixon's vials of wrath overflow when he comments on the estimates of rapidity with which birds fly as laid down by Herr Gätke. Surely half a century of observation and experience in Heligoland ought to count for something. What does our author say to Ruskin's view of the rapidity of the swallow's flight?

"Taking Michelet's estimate—eighty French leagues, roughly two hundred and fifty miles, an hour—we have a thousand miles in four hours. That is to say, leaving Devonshire after an early breakfast, he could be in Africa to lunch."

Perhaps higher estimates than these might be accepted, when it is borne in mind that a migrating bird of great powers of flight ordinarily flies frequently at a great height, where the wind hurries it on at an enormous pace, like an arrow shot from a bow.

Had Gätke lived till the present day he might have retaliated upon Mr. Dixon by attacking the latter's strange hankering for the hibernation of the *Hirundines* and other birds. The evidence for it in Great Britain is almost entirely hearsay. It is true that Mr. Dixon adduces some instances which, however (including the famous instance of hibernation said to have occurred in Yorkshire in the winter of 1895), are all more or less doubtful. Swallows have admittedly been noticed in every month of the year excepting February. At the risk of being deemed a "mud-and-torpor-despising-bruiser critic," as Mr. Dixon says, we must needs wonder at the author's evident liking for the theory, although his scientific attitude is well-balanced. "I neither accept nor deny it, having personally seen nothing to refute or confirm it."

Much of Mr. Dixon's book is hypothetical, and will require to be very carefully supported by future observations. Such, for instance, is his "law" that "species in the northern hemisphere never increase their range in a southern direction; they may do so north, north-east, or north-west, east or west. Species in the southern hemisphere never increase their range in a northern direction." We know too little of the phenomena of migration in the southern hemisphere to attempt at present to draw conclusions upon it. The author, it seems to us, would be more successful were he to confine his studies to positive instances of migration instead of mixing up this study with physico-geological questions on the Ice Age, possible prehistoric movements of land

and water, alteration of climate, sinking of the land, and the like. He will find a powerfully in this exclusive study of bird-migration apart from geological theories, in the report which is being compiled by a very competent naturalist on the enormous mass of figures on bird-migration collected from the different lighthouse keepers by the committee appointed by the British Association. Bird-migration is a more hopeful subject when elucidated from itself than when complicated with theories on old coast lines and the dispersal of species.

Mr. Dixon pours contempt upon instinct as being the motive for migration, upholding rather habit and experience. Instinct, however, is but a serviceable name for what is at present unknown. More abundant food, a better climate, and, above all, the imperious claims of love are the chief factors in the normal migration of birds. Abnormal migration is at present too little understood to be scientifically treated. It is only certain that perhaps the majority of our common birds (not regular migrants), do apparently, from some reasons as yet unknown, fly to distant quarters on the Continent while their places are filled by European birds of the same kind. Migration is in itself a sufficiently wonderful question to require no further complications from Darwinism or geology. While differing in many points from Mr. Dixon's views, we cannot help doing full justice to his industry and learning. *The Migration of Birds* is full of curious facts and knowledge, and will please all lovers of these creatures. The like can hardly be affirmed of all ornithologists.

ITALIAN ARCHITECTURE.

The Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy. A General View for the Use of Students and Others. By William J. Anderson, Architect; Lecturer at the Glasgow School of Art. With 54 collotype and other plates, and 74 smaller illustrations in the text. (B. T. Batsford.)

MR. ANDERSON has accomplished a great deal in a small space. His 150 lavishly illustrated pages give a more connected and artistic account of his difficult subject than has ever been published before in so portable a form. Dissenting boldly from both Fergusson and Ruskin, he refuses to consider Italian Renaissance architecture either as a plague and pestilence, or as a copy and resuscitation of dead and unmeaning forms. He takes a more reasonable attitude—the purely historical one—which sees in the architecture the most definite expression of the genius of the nation, the most faithful embodiment of its history.

But the chief value of the book lies in the way in which the many Italian buildings are grouped and treated. To this treatment two sentences in Mr. Anderson's introduction give the key:

"The Renaissance (p. 2) was, in fact, a reversion to type, if a biological expression may be applied in this connection without confusion;

and this recurrence, rather than permanence of type, appears to be characteristic of European civilisation, so far as we have had experience of it in two thousand years. In the Italy of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries we find the clearest and most emphatic expression of this European type, which is a variety as distinct as the Egyptian or the Arabian, and in a corresponding degree a racial expression. . . . Regarded (p. 3) as the history of the period and the people, written in stone for present and future ages, the architecture of the Italian Renaissance is one of the most luminous of all histories. By the operation of the universal law of natural selection, it has registered the awakened enthusiasm of the time for what was glorious and beautiful in the ancient world . . . while it records on the very face of it . . . the habits of the people . . . and the character and varying power of the governments of the Peninsula."

Mr. Anderson, in fact, deliberately sets out to provide an historical record of motive, to give instances of underlying principles and resulting architectural effects. His divisions are organic, not merely geographical, nor merely chronological. He catalogues the buildings neither of a century nor of a district; but he follows out a tendency from its beginning to its fall wherever he can find examples of it. This is infinitely more instructive in proportion as it is infinitely more difficult, than previous architectural discourses. And while this comparative treatment may best be followed in detail in Mr. Anderson's own pages, it also leads him into a few general statements which may be indicated here. "Venice," he remarks, for instance (page 40), "is the only centre which presents important examples of all three periods," namely, the early Renaissance of Milan and Florence, the later, found in Rome, and the Palladian epoch of Vicenza. He points out, also, that while the early Renaissance of Florence ends about 1500, it extends in Venice until 1525, thus overlapping the beginnings of a new development in Florence and Rome. From which it follows that some idea of the partition of the country at the time under review is absolutely necessary. Without a clear conception of the elements of its political geography, the variations of the architecture of Italy become inexplicable. And there are many other factors which have to be taken into consideration in discussing this complicated problem; such as the predominance of the Christian Religion in the form of the Roman Catholic Church; the literary tendency towards the study of classical authors; the preservation in Italy of many monuments with which those authors were indissolubly connected; the highly organised and independent political activity of the towns; the prosperous conditions of commerce, and, therefore, of the arts; and, finally, the rapid decay of pointed architecture, which had been introduced from without, and was unsuited to the soil of Italy. The importance of the last of these factors may easily be exaggerated; but as a whole they made up a sum-total of environment, a combination of exciting causes, which only needed the personality of genius to rouse them into living force and beauty. And when the time was ripe the personality arose in Brunelleschi. His resolution to acquire the

Roman principles and to build upon them was fraught with as much uncertainty as the first voyage of Columbus. Both were successful in the discovery of a new world.

Yet with this early Renaissance in Florence, Venice, and Milan, there were still intermingled many of the old Romanesque and Gothic and Byzantine elements. There was very little slavish imitation, very slight bondage even to classical principles. But from the first years of the sixteenth century these Gothic and Romanesque elements very quickly disappear; and it is therefore generally believed that the Italians of the fifteenth century took up architecture at the point where the ancients laid it down. This they did eventually; but any such view of the origin of Renaissance art is not only incomplete, but wrong. So much is our author impressed with the truth of this that he insists almost too strongly on his objection to Palladio and Vignola, and to the highly ornate palaces of Genoa or Venice. But for his description of the first and of the second or culminating period we have nothing but praise. His careful measurements and accurate descriptions of the Palazzo Massimi at Rome would alone almost give this part of the work the value of a monograph. His conclusions (p. 123), after describing these two periods, are as follows:

"If they are regarded as a whole, it is not too much to claim that this series of remarkable buildings proves that this culminating period of the Renaissance was a great fact in architectural history, quite worthy of comparison with the Periclean Age in Greece, the Augustan era of Imperial Rome, or the climax of mediæval art in France and England. It would be altogether unreasonable to claim that it was superior to Greek or Gothic, except in certain particulars; but in its comparative amenability to modern requirements it touches us more nearly to-day than either."

From this high standard Mr. Anderson indicates the fall, in a sentence which is startling enough without its context, but which we may leave our readers to justify for themselves from his pages:

"The loss of conformity [page 128] to constructive principle was the decisive cause of the decay of Renaissance architecture, and if the responsibility can be attached to one man, that man was Michelangelo, the greatest genius of all."

One more point may be worth mentioning before we close the considerations suggested by Mr. Anderson's accurate and clever work. It is that Prof. W. H. Goodyear has gradually been elaborating the theory of horizontal curves which he first discovered in the Maison Carrée at Nîmes. These curves have for long been known in the Parthenon. Prof. Goodyear has since 1895 been carefully studying their presence in various Italian buildings. The full results of his investigations (some of which are already published) will be awaited with keen interest. They will affect not only ancient Greek and mediæval Italian architectural theories, but they will, no doubt, offer some very interesting problems for solution in many of those buildings modelled from the Roman which Mr. Anderson has so admirably described.

A NATIONAL TRANSFORMATION.

Social Transformations of the Victorian Age.
By T. H. S. Escott. (Seeley.)

To get over the disagreeable duty of finding fault it may at once be said that this book calls aloud for revision. It abounds in odd little mistakes, the majority of which appear to be printers' blunders, though a considerable number are the slips of a hasty pen. As an example take the following reference to Mr. Asquith, who, we are told, "belonged to a slightly older generation than Lord Raudolph Churchill. Before he took his degree in 1863 [sic] he had established the same sort of reputation for himself in the Union as had been won two or three generations earlier by Mr. Gladstone, and as seventeen years afterwards was to be won in the same arena by Mr. G. N. Curzon, in 1897 Foreign Under Secretary."

In point of fact, Mr. Asquith was born in 1852, and took his degree in 1874. Mr. Curzon, on the other hand, took his M.A. in 1886, and was born in 1859, so that it is impossible to account for Mr. Escott's mistake, except by the plea of hasty writing and hasty revision. The same inaccuracy of statement informs us that the agricultural gang system prevailed mostly in the North, whereas it should have been East and South. It is needless to bring forward more errors; the reader will find them but too plentiful. A sentence must also be devoted to the index, which is nearly the worst we know. While it refers us to facts so trivial as that Dilke, C. W., reduced the price of the *Daily News*, it does not contain any mention of names so important as Balfour, Asquith, Churchill, Salisbury, and Harcourt.

Apart from these blemishes, which it would not be honest to pass over, Mr. Escott has written a solid and laborious volume on the changes that have occurred during the last sixty years. It is not very sprightly or amusing, but the facts in themselves possess so dramatic an interest that merely to enumerate them is to hold the attention. He is valuable and useful on all matters that admit of explanation by an array of definite and concrete facts chiefly for the reason that he has called to his aid the most trustworthy authorities. When judgment has to be exercised he is not so convincing. We cannot help thinking, for instance, that he enormously exaggerates the importance of the part played in politics by Sir Charles Dilke, and scarcely does justice to leaders of far greater weight. In the domain of literature, too much space is allotted to Lord Lytton, and it sounds odd to hear anyone eulogising "the gentle and gracious offices" performed by Martin Tupper and Hain Friswell. Again, it is doubtful whether Macaulay was "the father of the leading" article—the style of the *Times* was formed before his day. Curious, too, is his endeavour to trace "the terse impressionist style" of the new journalist to George Borrow, Kinglake, Laurence Oliphant, and Grenville Murray.

There are many themes into which it would be pleasant to follow Mr. Escott, and agree or disagree with him as the case might be. But we shall be content to make a

generalisation. People are accustomed to talk lightly of the time-saving appliances of our era without quite realising what they mean. Here, however, Mr. Escott works out subject after subject, and proves that in every department of human industry men are more active and more industrious than ever; and yet how vastly extended is the taste for pleasure, how much more cricket and football is played in the fields, how much more chess and billiards in the house. We go more to theatre and concert room, we tour and travel and holiday it more than our forefathers, and yet we get through such heaps of labour as would have dismayed them. That is the most astonishing characteristic of the generation.

A QUESTION OF STYLE.

The Woodland Life. By Edward Thomas.
(Blackwood.)

THIS book consists of twelve essays and a diary—all treating of country life. The theme is a pleasant one, and is rendered still more so by the attractive binding in which the publishers have sent out the volume. Yet, to write quite frankly, despite a warm sympathy with the author's intention and a long-standing interest in his subject, we find the thing unreadable. Our business is to try and explain why this is so not only in the case of Mr. Thomas, but in that of numbers who have made a similar failure. To describe familiar outdoor objects in a way to secure attention seems easy, but is really a test of style. The classic examples of success are, of course, White, Thoreau, and Jefferies. Mr. Thomas would do well to give his days and nights to the first mentioned. White of Selborne was simple even to baldness, and gets his effect by sheer faithfulness to nature. Mr. Thomas has not yet advanced so far in his literary studies as to know that there is an ornament which enriches style, but twenty that impoverish it. We take his first page to illustrate our meaning. It has only eighty-eight words altogether, and, nevertheless, contains the following worn-out mock felicities of phrase: "a myriad stars of stitchwort," "purple spires of orchis"—the stars and spires "join hands" by the by—"elm-branches swathed deep in the lush growths of spring," "spangled blossoms," "lofty columnar boles," and that trade mark of the open-airist, "a bank of galley oars."

Let us examine another sentence to prove the unwisdom of overloading style. On p. 61 it is written: "A crowded woodland of varied hues, ledge beyond ledge climbs the hill's slow ascent, and in this dazzling dawn the sunlight plays upon the dewed leaves with gorgeous effect." White's imagination would not have soared to a woodland climbing a hill, and you may be sure his austere taste would have rejected the phrases we have italicised. A wooded hill at dawn with sunshine falling on the tree-leaves—state it so, and the reader will picture the effect for himself. The very next sentence reads: "Mellow limes contrast with sea-green chestnuts, now flaming with pinnacles of waxen bloom; the reddened foliage of the

oak seems to burn in the fierce light, while the pale tasselled birches are all a-quiver," &c. Until he can use, without abusing, a useful gift of language, Mr. Thomas should enter into a vow of total abstinence from adjectives.

In the sort of Shepherd's Calendar that takes up half the volume we have this same profusion of epithet, only more glaringly out of place. A diary ought to be as simple and unaffected as a letter, and absolutely definite in statement. "April 20. Meadows rare with cowslips: deep purple later, with lush early orchis." One does not wish to write against Keats, but his popularisation of the word "lush" and its kindred was little short of a crime. It is unnecessary to pursue the matter further, as it will now be understood why Mr. Thomas is so difficult to read. At the same time, it was worth doing this much because he seems to possess some of the stuff out of which writers are made. Let him discard second-hand finery of expression and trust for effect to his imagination and simplicity and he will write a better book than *The Woodland Life*.

Undoubtedly the one interesting bit in the diary is that which deals with the author's walking tour to Marlborough, and his visit to Swindon, Coate, the reservoir and meadows of which Jefferies wrote so much, the downs with their kestrels, and other scenes rendered familiar to most of us by the *Gamekeeper at Home and Wild Life in a Southern County*. He adds nothing to our knowledge of Richard Jefferies, although he met old people who remember his birth. But the truth is that Richard was a prophet never much honoured in his own county, the family has long been removed from the neighbourhood, and there is little to be gleaned. Yet somehow the slight description of, and references to, Coate and its surroundings are more attractive than anything else in the volume.

ENGLISH SONG.

English Minstrelsy: a National Monument of English Song. Collated and Edited by S. Baring-Gould, M.A. Vol. VII. (Edinburgh: T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

In his introductory Essay on English Folk-Music to this seventh volume, Mr. Baring-Gould "sighs over the ruins of our folk-music," and wishes "that men in England had been as patriotic as those of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland" in preserving traditional airs. Mr. Gould, however, does not merely sigh and utter vain regrets; his "National Monument of English Song" shows that he is doing his best to seek them out and gather them together. Our author reminds us that a collector "must be furnished with infinite patience, and put up with much disappointment"; and the truth of this statement is fully confirmed by the Essay in question. We read how he mixed with the peasantry, with stone-cutters, farm labourers, fiddlers, and others—sometimes in their homes, sometimes in taverns—and thus heard songs which had been handed down from father to son, and of which there

was no written record. He was, of course, specially anxious to meet with very old folk who would sing to him songs which they had learnt in early youth; it was, indeed, principally from old inhabitants that he obtained some of his greatest treasures. Many, nay most of them, could neither read nor write; and living a quiet, simple, country life, there was little or nothing, except the vagaries of memory, to induce them to alter either words or music. People who read and write and who lead a busy life, mixing and exchanging thoughts with many men, may have a fuller-stored memory, yet, except perhaps in special cases, one less vivid, so far as regards the exact words of a poem or notes of a song. Mr. Gould tells of a stone-cutter who, when nearly eighty years of age, had not forgotten any of the old ballads taught to him by an "aged" widow when he was a little urchin. He used to carry milk for her every day, and as she was not rich enough to pay him in coin, she sang or recited to him.

It might, indeed, be doubted whether airs and poems thus acquired are of any real value; whether, in fact, the memory of these aged inhabitants was to be trusted. That doubt might possibly exist if Mr. Gould had accepted all the songs which he heard. But before including any one in his collection he would carefully compare many versions of the same melody as noted down in many places, often widely removed, so as to discover the mother-form. It may often have been difficult to discover which was the best version, but at times, no doubt, the very variety may have proved a help in forming a decision. Mr. Gould was able to "prick down" any song which he heard, with the aid of a piano. Such an instrument, however, was not always available, so that he called to his aid the Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard and other skilled musicians. The Rev. F. W. Bussell, Vice-Principal of Brazenose, Oxford, it appears, was remarkable "for the extreme accuracy with which he noted every twist and flourish of the singer."

It is indeed unfortunate that only within recent years attempts should have been made to collect folk-airs now "trembling on the verge of oblivion." Better late, however, than not at all; and the patient labours of Mr. Gould and his associates deserve every encouragement. The volume under notice contains not only traditional airs, but also those of well-known composers, such as Dr. Pepusch, William Shield, J. L. Hatton, and others.

The writing of accompaniments to old songs has always been a difficult matter. Attempts to reproduce the past are always more or less imperfect, and in many, probably most cases, folk-melodies had no accompaniment. The aim, says Mr. Gould, has been to avoid "unsuitable elaboration on the one hand, and bald simplicity on the other." There may be places in which the *juste milieu* has not been strictly adhered to, but the writing always shows skill and taste, and, for the most part, enhances the charm of the melodies. The airs are given in tonic sol-fa, as well as in the ordinary notation. The publishers may be congratulated on the get-up of the volume.

SOME EDUCATIONAL BOOKS.

Arnold of Rugby. By J. J. Findlay. (Cambridge University Press.)

THIS is a dull and a disappointing book. That a concise exposition of what permanent services exactly were rendered by Thomas Arnold to English education was uncalled for or unseasonable we are very far from saying. At such a time as this in particular it were well that the views and the achievements of the leading educational reformers of the present century should be put before the public. Thus an account of Arnold in a succinct form, such as would be read not only by professional educationists, but also by others who may be called upon to assist in carrying out the provisions of the coming Secondary Education Act, would have had a distinct value. But this is just what Mr. Findlay has not given us. His volume is a farrago compounded of hashed-up extracts from Stanley's *Life of Dr. Arnold* (a book familiar or accessible to every schoolmaster), and selections from Arnold's sermons and from essays by him on sundry scholastic topics, for the most part of no present interest or importance. The chunks carved out of Stanley are served up still laden with all the old-world theological jargon that cumbered the original work: a garnish which perhaps was well enough in the age of our grandmothers, but which only serves to repel the modern reader. We doubt whether many of those who do not know and who wish to know something about Arnold will suffer themselves to be bored to the extent involved in toiling through Mr. Findlay's 260 pages. He has appended to his compilation a "Bibliography" of publications relating to Arnold and to public school education, and apologises for any incompleteness there may be in this list. The apology was needed. We cannot but think that a teacher of teachers, as Mr. Findlay is, might reasonably have been expected, at least, to know the titles of a very much larger number of works on pedagogics, or if he knew them to have taken the trouble to set them down. Nor is his scanty catalogue up to date in point of criticism, for a perusal of Mr. Leach's *English Schools at the Reformation* would have caused him to modify his estimate of the authority of Carlisle, whom, by the way, he calls an "antiquarian." In fine, some fifty or so very useful pages might have been written about Arnold's place in the history of education, and the subject fairly exhausted therein. Such fifty pages would have been read.

Thirty Years of Teaching. By L. C. Miall. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS is a very different stamp of book. For this bright and sensible little work we have nothing but praise. If what Mr. Miall has to tell us is not always fresh, though it often is, it is generally freshly put, and, like Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, he possesses the rare art of writing about education in an attractive manner. We heartily commend his book to the attention of the parent as well as of the teacher.

Flosculorum Fasciculus. Selected Translations into Latin and Greek Verse by C. S. Jerram, M.A. (Oxford: George Sheppard.)

THE making of Latin and Greek verses is an elegant exercise which a utilitarian age has discarded as useless; and the Oxford man may now pass through a scholarship to a first in "Greats" without knowing more than enough to distinguish between hexameters and sapphics. Nevertheless, the elegance of the exercise appeals to the genuine scholar, who will welcome the modest paper-covered volume in which Mr. Jerram has put forth his renderings of selected passages from English poets. Mr. Jerram has been very judicious in his choice of subject, and has taken only passages which have something of the spirit of the language into which he translates. He does not attempt, with forced jocularity, to turn a bill of lading into Greek elegiacs. On the contrary, he takes such a passage as Matthew Arnold's description of the funeral in "Balder Dead," which breathes the very spirit of Homer:

"The mast they fixed, and hoisted up the sails,
Then they put fire to the wood."

At once comes the Greek without effort, or with the skill that conceals effort:

Ἰσθὺν δὲ στησαὺτ', ἀπὸ δ' ἰσθία νηὸς ἔστης
Τείναν ἀείραντες, ἀπὸ δὲ ζυγα δασὴ ἔκαιον.

You will find among these excellent renderings an occasional lapse into a *tour de force*—as a eulogy of a notorious soap and a translation of Gilbert's "Titwillow." But these are concessions. As a fair specimen we may give the rendering of Herrick's well-known stanza:

"Fat be my hind, unlearned be my wife,
Peaceful my night, my day devoid of strife;
To these a comely offspring I desire,
Singing about my everlasting fire."

Thus runs the Latin:

"Napta indocta domi, pinguis sit vilicus agris,
Sint placidae noctes, et sine lite dies;
Hic super accedat proles formosa, perennem
Quae cantu celebret, laeta corona, focum."

Nothing could be better of its kind. And in this little book of selected translations you will find more than forty of equal excellence, the fruit of a third of a century of learned leisure.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

The Professor's Children. By E. H. Fowler. (Longmans & Co.)

ALTHOUGH we cannot quite determine the object of the author of this little book—whether, as the form suggests, it is to please children, or to poke a little gentle fun at Prof. Sully and his fellow psychologists who study the young mind, or to interest parents—we still can give it hearty commendation. The Professor's children may not perhaps do enough to satisfy real nurseries (children who read of other children want deeds before speech), but their talk is a delight. Miss Fowler has evidently observed very closely and appreciatively. She gives

us not only the broad outline of children's conversation—a little above par, as it should be in a book—but also the delicate shades. Here, for example, is a story, with typical interruptions:

"'I have thought of a new story,' said Roger, beginning to jump about. Roger always jumped about wildly during his flights of imagination, which made him a little difficult to hear at times, owing to his breathlessness."

"Once upon a time there was a woodcutter," he began, "and he was very poor."

Peggy sat clasping her legs and resting her chin on her knees, and the baby lay flat on his back and waved his boots in the air.

"Werry poor?" asked Oliver.

"Awfully poor. His name was Mr. Jenkins, and he suffered many things because of his poorness."

"How werry poor was he?" persisted Oliver, who always would sift the matter thoroughly, and there was no possibility of putting him off.

"So poor that he never had anything to eat," continued Roger, standing still for a moment to get his breath.

"How horrid!" Peggy softly observed.

"And he lived in a wood 'cause of being a woodcutter. One day the cat —"

"What cat?" Oliver wanted to know.

"The Jenkins' cat, of course—jumped into the larder and quickly ate up all the food that was there."

"A bitin' cat!" remarked the baby, suddenly sitting upright and listening attentively.

"And Mr. Jenkins began to beat the cat, and he beat it and beat it till all its bones was broken! when suddenly—here Roger paused, and his small pale face fairly glowed with excitement—the wolf rushed in and killed Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins quite dead and ate them all up in a minute."

"He bited them!" murmured the baby.

"After Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins was dead and buried —"

"But the wolf swallowed them, you know," corrected Peggy, "so they couldn't be buried as well."

"It's my story, and they was buried," said Roger with dignity. "In course the wolf didn't swallow quite all of them. So their heads and their boots, and," reverting to his own toilet, "their braces was buried, and, when the funeral was finished, the cat married the wolf."

"But the Jenkins' was werry poor—too poor to have things to eat—so why was there any food in the larder?" began Oliver, who had been meditating on the opening part of the story.

"Don't bother so!" said Peggy impatiently.

"But I want to know," persisted her little brother. "If they was too poor to have any food, they was too poor to have a larder to keep it in."

The children are studied for psychological purposes by the Professor, their father, who is the customary professor of such books. What children will make of his remarks we cannot imagine; but parents should be amused. Miss Fowler, we fancy, made a slip when she wrote the baby's age as two. He must have been older.

Norfolk Songs, Stories and Sayings. By Walter Rye. (S.P.C.K.)

FROM his great store of Norfolk lore Mr. Rye has here put together a scrappy and hurried but very readable and interesting collection of gossip. His chapters cover a wide area; ballads, songs, and rhymes,

dialect, duels and murders, elections, ghosts, eating and drinking, marvels and myths, genealogy, strange characters, sport. The dialect chapter is most pleasing to us. Some of the Norfolk sayings are very precious. Thus "Tangle-leg," for strong beer, could not be beaten; and, "He don't like working between meals," is a perfect description of a lazy man. "Very apt," says Mr. Rye, "is the native at repartee. Once at Thorpe Gardens, years ago, when a comic singer who was chaunting at a water frolic, was rudely interrupted by a drunken man from Ber Street, he stopped and said, 'One fule at a time, sir, if you please,' which has always struck me as one of the best and most self-denying repartees I ever heard." But there are occasions, even in Norfolk, of want of ready wit. It is told of a man of Lynn, who was not good at improvisation, that being induced to take the chair at a Bible Society meeting, he could say, by way of introductory speech, nothing but, "The Society is a good Society, a very good Society, in fact, ladies and gentlemen, it is a d— good Society." In the eating and drinking chapter, Mr. Rye gives this proof of Norfolk capacity:

"I remember, myself, one night, that at the 'Angel,' at North Walsham, a commercial traveller said that no man could eat a whole goose—upon which bets were laid, and the host sent out for a certain local gorgier to come at once and eat it. A message was brought that he couldn't because he had just eaten twenty 'white' (fresh) herrings for his supper. But on pressure being put on him he came and did eat it."

Mr. Rye gives in this chapter two recipes for cooking swans. He also affirms that the air of Norfolk nullifies the evil effects of alcohol, which may account for the enormous consumption of liquor by parties on the Broads. The chapter in which Mr. Rye expresses his scorn for the pedigree myth and the people who support it, is likely to bring him some unpopularity in the county. "Woodman, spare that (family) tree!" will be their plaint. At the end of his book, by way of appendix, Mr. Rye reprints from an old ACADEMY his reasons for believing Chaucer to be a Norfolk man, and also a bibliography of the Broads.

Whitby Past and Present. By Robert B. Holt. (Whitby: Horne & Son.)

PROVINCIAL publishing is much to be encouraged. A book like this—written, printed, bound, and published locally—may come to us with all its faults thick upon it, but it comes recommended by the fact that it is a local production. Messrs. Horne & Son have turned out this book partly well and partly ill. The cover is good because perfectly simple: a dark green cloth with the title and author's name printed on the front cover in honest Roman capitals, and the Whitby arms in gold in the centre. The half title-page maintains the dignity and simplicity of Roman capitals; but with the title-page comes delirium. For the title is set up in a strange printing-office old English type, the author's name is in Roman capitals, and the escutcheon is described in a crazy type that no man may describe.

The body of the book is quite well printed; but why will provincial publishers insist on printing illustrations in many colours? This book is illustrated with process blocks from views taken by a local photographer, taken very well too; but why are they printed in green, in vivid red, in mauve, and in black? Surely this loss of style between London and Whitby need not have been. In London books are produced with a nice regard to style, and hundreds of perfectly turned out books must reach Whitby every year. Why, then, ignore good models? In so simple a matter as the placing of illustrations the right way on the page this book is defective. We do not wish to unduly criticise Messrs. Horne & Son, whose book will compare favourably with many that reach us from the country; but if provincial publishing is to be encouraged it must also be chastened.

Mr. Holt's subject-matter is distinctly interesting, for his memory is long and his knowledge of the Whitby neighbourhood must, we think, be unrivalled.

"Seventy years ago," Mr. Holt tells us, "there were many quaint old customs still surviving in Whitby, at least in memory. One of them was that of counting fish in triplets. 'Thoo's yan! but thoo's not yan! but thoo's yan! thoo's twa! but thoo's not twa! but thoo's twa!' Or, as an old fisherman gave it me, 'One to pay! one to give away, and one to tally there' was once the ordinary mode of counting herrings, &c. A publican was called an ale draper, a spirit merchant a brandy spinner. A huckster was termed a badger; he used to go about the country with an ass and panniers to barter needles, threads, and other small articles, for butter, eggs, and fruit; these he sold in the market towns. A cadger was a man who collected the corn of small farmers and took it to be ground."

In addition to giving his own piquant recollections of Whitby, Mr. Hall sketches the rise of St. Hilda's great abbey that still crowns the Whitby cliff, and surveys the history of the town from the earliest days to those of his own childhood.

* * *

Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden. By Mrs. C. W. Earle. (Smith Elder & Co.)

MRS. EARLE, allowing her pen to wander where it will, has produced a quiet, leisurely book of great interest to women. Her principal subjects are gardening, cookery, and the education of sons and daughters; but she keeps an intelligent and appreciative glance for much else besides. The remarks concerning books on gardening are perhaps the strength of Mrs. Earle's work. The quotation which precedes these pleasant pages of advice is happy: "Often-times he would make it his prayer that he should not be accounted as an hypocrite by reason that his life sorted not with his teaching; insisting that there is a duality in unity in most of us, and that to a writer it hath still been permitted (not for his own behoof, since what true profit is there to a man in seeming that he is not?) to put his better mind in his books." Mrs. Earle may like to know that the poem which she quotes on page 21—"John Frost"—is by "Gabriel Setoun."

THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1897.

NEW NOVELS.

The Chevalier D'Auriac. By S. Levett-Yeats.
(Longmans & Co.)

Referring to the anachronism in his story, the author of *The Chevalier D'Auriac* remarks in his preface: "The only excuse the writer has for not making the correction is that his object is simply to enable a reader to pass away a dull hour." That is the right spirit: an author of romance cannot have a better ambition. Mr. Levett-Yeats, in so far as I am concerned, has succeeded. My one wish is that he had not employed the first-person-singular. A story told in this manner is bereft of a certain element of surprise. One learns at the outset that no combat in which the hero is involved will for the hero have a fatal issue. The Chevalier D'Auriac is so bloodthirsty a young gentleman, and his narrative is so packed with encounters, that I have found myself regretting the first-person-singular more than usual. Another objection is that the hero who fights and does not write about it afterwards is more admirable than the hero who does. It is true that the Chevalier D'Auriac abjures the pen until he is old and forlorn, but I should prefer that his history had been told by another. For his mighty romances of duel, battle, and intrigue Dumas found the third-person a practicable enough method. Why should not his pupil, Mr. Levett-Yeats? This, however, is the only objection which, as a reader, I have to *The Chevalier D'Auriac*. As a story it bustles along nobly. The clash of steel sounds from start to finish, and I love the clash of steel. In the first chapter there is an affair by moonlight:

"It took but a half-minute to make myself ready, and borrowing a poniard from Nicholas to help me to parry, for De Gomeron held one in his left hand, and I was determined to give him no further advantage—he already had the light—I took my position. Then there was an angry little clash and our blades met, looking for all the world like two thin streaks of fire in the moonlight. I began the attack at once in the lower lines, but soon found that my adversary was a master of his weapon, and his defence was complete. We were both sober enough now, besides being in deadly earnest, and De Gomeron began to change his tactics and attack in his turn. He was more than cunning of fence, thrusting high at my throat to get as much of the reflection of the moon as possible on his blade, and so dazzle my eyes; but this was a game I had played before, and seeing this he disengaged, and making a beautiful feint, thrust low in tierce. The parry was just in time, but the point of his blade ripped me exactly over the heart, and dyed my shirt red with the blood of a flesh wound. The discipline of Nicholas and his men went to shreds at the sight of this, and there was a shout: '*Croix Dieu!*' 'Hé is lost!'

"But a man's knowledge is not to be counted by his years, and Maître Touchet had himself placed a foil in my hand before I was seven. The hair that stood between me and death as De Gomeron's point touched me cooled me to ice, and knowing that in a long-continued contest youth must tell, I began to feign retreat, and give back slowly, meaning to wind my opponent, and work him round to get a little of the moon in his eyes."

This De Gomeron is the bad genius of the Chevalier. He dogs him continually, and at the end almost robs him of his lady. But of course nothing so terrible quite takes place. Mr. Levett-Yeats has been far too mindful of the way in which dull hours should be passed away to let that happen. In addition to the love-story of the Chevalier we find ourselves in the midst of plot and counter-plot of State. The central figure is Henri of Navarre, now King of France, and it is the pleasant but arduous task of the Chevalier to frustrate the treachery of traitorous ministers. The king himself assists the Chevalier in his last great exposure, after having pretended to discredit that loyal youth's tale of warning. The

following scene, in quite the grand manner, is the outcome of such a partnership:

"When we got back I helped him to dress. He did not, however, resume his roquelaure or hat, but stood playing with the hilt of his sword, letting his eye run backward and forward over the vacant space in my room. At last he turned to me:

'Monsieur, you have not answered the question I put to you a moment before.'

'Sire,' I answered boldly, 'is it my fault?'

He began to pull at his moustache, keeping his eyes to the ground and saying to himself, 'Sully will not be here for a little; there is time.' As for me, I took my courage in both hands and waited. So a half-minute must have passed before he spoke again.

'Monsieur, if a gentleman has wronged another, there is only one course open. There is room enough here—take your sword, your place.'

'I—I—,' I stammered. 'Your Majesty, I do not understand.'

'I never heard that Monsieur le Chevalier was dense in these matters. Come, sir, time presses—your place.'

'May my hand wither if I do,' I burst out. 'I will never stand so before the king.'

'Not before the king, monsieur, but before a man who considers himself a little wronged too. What! is D'Auriac so high that he cannot stoop to cross a blade with plain Henri de Bourbon?'

And then it was as if God Himself took the scales from my eyes, and I fell on my knees before my king.

He raised me gently. 'Monsieur, I thank you. Had I for one moment led a soul to suspect that I believed in you from the first, this nest of traitors had never been found. St. Gris—even Sully was blinded. So far so good. It is much for a king to have gained a friend; and hark! if I am not mistaken, here is De Vitry.'

Henry of Navarre is a safe card for the romance-writer to play. Dumas sowed the seed, and all who follow partake the harvest. It is difficult to go wrong when Henri blusters through the pages. Mr. Levett-Yeats knows this well. I have never read a story when so much of the machinery of Dumas was employed with such success. The narrative style of Mr. Levett-Yeats is admirable. He is not a great writer, but, for the purpose he set himself at the beginning of this work, he is adequate. The dull hour is finely averted. The first extract showed our hero and De Gomeron in conflict. Here is the passage, from the last chapter, showing De Gomeron's death:

"Messieurs, you who may read this, those at least of you who have stood sword in hand and face to face with a bitter foe, when the fight is to the last, will know that there are moments when it is as if God Himself nerves the arm and steels the wrist. And so it was then with me. I swear it that I forestalled each movement of the twinkling blade before me, that each artifice and trick the skilful swordsman who was fighting for his life employed was felt by something that guided my sword, now high, now low, and ever and again wet its point against the broad breast of the Camarguer."

"So, too, with him—he was lost, and he knew it. But he was a brave man, if ever there was one, and he pulled himself together as we reached the upper landing for one last turn with the death that dogged him. So fierce was the attack he now made, that had he done so but a moment before, when the advantage of position was his, I know not what had happened. But now it was different. He was my man. I was carried away by the fire within me, or else in pity I might have spared him; but there is no need to speak of this more. He thrust too high. I parried and returned, so that the cross hilt of my rapier struck dully over his heart, and he died where he fell."

Of the interest of Mr. Levett-Yeats's excellent story there cannot be two opinions among readers who like the days of lackeys and rapiers, galloping steeds and flagons of D'Arbois, pistoles and Capuchins, "*Ventre St. Gris!*" and "*Morbleu!*" In such a hot-tempered and slaughterous society one wonders that any one was left alive at all, and I recommend the Chevalier D'Auriac to all readers of this kind, but particularly to those persons who have found the reports of the recent meeting between M. Catulle Mendès and M. Lugné Poë too tiresome.

ETHICS OF THE SURFACE.

The Rudeness of the Honourable Mr. Leatherhead.
A Homburg Story. By Gordon Seymour.
 (Grant Richards.)

Although the former of these two stories has already been noticed in these columns, I cannot, in fairness to the author, consider them apart. For Mr. Gordon Seymour is a novelist with a theory, and in the preface to the first of the "Ethics of the Surface" series he sets out his theory, which he forthwith proceeds to put into practice. In a word, Mr. Gordon Seymour considers that the novel has hitherto not been superficial enough. "As a rule," he writes, "the novel has not got beyond what might be called the lyrical stage, in which 'love,' and the whole relation of man to woman, is the central topic of interest." And it must be admitted that if we are to believe the statistics of the book trade, the topic continues to be sufficiently interesting. Still, in the course of his journey from primeval barbarism to nineteenth century civilisation the human animal has developed many interests which did not appeal to his remote ancestors. Prehistoric man as he lay at the mouth of his cave was interested in little but prehistoric woman and his prehistoric dinner. The finished human product of to-day takes these things more or less for granted. He does not have to fight his fellow-men for a wife, or even—except at evening parties—scramble for his food. Man no longer lives by bread alone, but is particular as to his liqueurs, and discriminates nicely between the brands of his cigars. "Thousands of years of civilisation and social differentiation," says Mr. Gordon Seymour, "have drawn within the sphere of fundamental necessities what, to the savage and our prehistoric ancestors, was either unfelt, unknown, or a matter of accident and luxury." In a complex social life we have hundreds of needs and desires, the denial of which would make life intolerable. Manners become more immediately important than morals, and the thief who is a good fellow becomes more acceptable as a social factor than the honest man who is a bore.

Now, these considerations are by no means new; they are the commonplaces of philosophy. But they have suggested to Mr. Gordon Seymour a method of novel-writing which appears to suit him admirably. He proposes to write a series of books, of which the *motif* shall be, not the passions which lie at the root of humanity, but the manners, the delicacies of behaviour, the *nuances* of deportment, which are the offshoot of centuries of civilisation, and without which Society would be a bear-garden. I almost wish that the author's preface, interesting as it is, had been omitted, and that he had given us his stories without any fussing about theory. One could then have seen what he was driving at. It is not necessary for the novelist, as for the professional entertainer, to "tell his audience what he is going to do, then do it, and then tell them he has done it." Nor is Mr. Seymour's method in any sense a new one or an individual one. We have had the novel of manners with us for many years. With what does *Pride and Prejudice* deal but with the "ethics of the surface"? Have not Mr. Henry James and Mr. Howells taught us the importance of trivialities? And is not *Patience Sparhawk* solely concerned with those secondary and artificial needs which Mr. Seymour claims as his special province? Mr. Seymour would do better to practise the well-worn maxim which he is somewhat too fond of quoting—*ars est celare artem*—and write his stories without telling us how and why they are written.

I give this advice in the most friendly spirit, because Mr. Seymour's two little books have afforded me genuine pleasure in the reading. The former and slighter of the two describes how an act of rudeness towards an old lady on the part of Mr. Leatherhead affected that gentleman's career and even his character. The second also deals in manners. "This question of the manner, I see," says the heroine, "is of the greatest importance in social intercourse." It might be called a study in sensitiveness, in which the central figures are three ladies at Homburg who are conscious of a slight social prejudice against themselves. And the moral of the story, which shows throughout the faculty of observation and considerable insight into the delicacies of social life, is that we should "deal lightly with the blows struck at our own pride and sensitiveness," since we cannot, without loss of dignity, resent them. But here again Mr. Seymour thinks too much of pointing his moral and too little of adorning his tale, so that the hero, who is the author's mouthpiece, becomes now and then a bit of a prig. For

Mr. Seymour has also a theory of dialogue. He finds the dialogue of the average novel trivial and scrappy, and not at all like those "delightful and interesting talks which we have had" in real life. Wherefore his hero, when he makes the acquaintance of three pretty women on the Saalburg, and shows them the remains of the Roman Camp, points out the Porta Decumana, draws a plan on the back of an envelope and indicates the Prætorium, the Quæstorium, and the Porta Principalis dextra and sinistra; he sketches rapidly the history and policy of Rome, and then in the person of a Roman officer described the orders and duties of each day. Then he draws an analogy between modern Great Britain and ancient Rome, ending thus—

"On the other hand there was then no effective tribunal of public morality, no spiritual conscience of nations, of which we all have to take account in modern times—thank God, a real power with us, unknown to the ancient world, and to which we Englishmen, I hope, will always pay due tribute, though we shall insist upon advancing, unchecked by any power, because we know that our advance always means the common advance of civilisation."

The ladies, you will be surprised to hear, instead of going to sleep, were delighted, and one of them promptly fell in love with him. I have, I must confess, picked out almost the only ridiculous passage in the book. But that is because I really wish to persuade Mr. Seymour that he is hampering himself by theories which are not in the least novel. If he will only deal a little less "heavily and seriously with things which are not weighty"—as he writes in his preface, if he will cease to worry himself and us with theories, I shall look with eagerness for some more studies in the Philosophy of the Superficial.

* * * * *

The Way of a Woman. By Mrs. L. T. Meade.
 (F. V. White & Co.)

Of course I have heard of Mrs. L. T. Meade over and over again. But as I seldom read novels but under compulsion—in the way of business—I had no personal acquaintance with her works until *The Way of a Woman* turned up on the table whereon I neglect my work, and I read it. Some of it, at least. And Quintin Garstin of the prologue seemed promising. He was engaged to Marjory, he was attached to the diplomatic service in China, he smoked opium, he joined—accidentally—a Chinese secret society, and he was inveigled into a marriage with the passionate and brazen Dolly. Subsequently he appears in Southwark, as a widower and a curate—"translated." Now curates are doubtless necessary; but there is no need to dwell upon them. But Quintin was quite an exceptional curate, and filled his church on week days. Marjory, the jilted, though the daughter of a squire—a peculiarly silly squire—came up continually to town to sit under him. She met him clandestinely in disused churchyards, and visited him at his rooms because she thought she could help him in his extremity. For the curate had a sin on his conscience which I will not divulge. All the same "Mary the shrewd" saw through it. "She may be in love on the high and spiritual plane" said Mary, "but in love she is, and with Quintin Garstin." And she was. So also were several other girls, but on the strictly high and spiritual plane. They took rooms in the house which contained the curate. One night the curate could not sleep for remorse—at what I will not tell you.

"The young daily governess in the room underneath was much disturbed by the curate's footsteps—they awed her. She said to herself, 'He is thinking out one of those wonderful sermons.' It occurred to her that she might help him by prayer. At this time in his career those who looked at Garstin felt that the one thing they could do for him was to pray—to pray that he might be made more of an Evangelist than he was already. The girl slipped out of bed in her white nightdress, and kneeling on the floor, clasped her hands, and prayed to God to help him. 'Dear God, make him preach even more wonderfully' she prayed. 'Dear God, make him pierce beneath all the darkness and defilements of our hearts, until he reaches our naked souls and rouses them to come to Thee. Help him, Lord, help him mightily.'

She prayed as she had never prayed before, and instinctively the wave of prayer must have risen through the ceiling—"

Well, well—Mrs. Meade should surely know her public and its requirements. I cannot tell you, if I would, what was the subsequent history of the curate; only from a hurried glance forward I have hopes that he is safely buried. I found just one

spice of devilry in the story, when two young ladies went on a jaunt to town to hear the curate preach, pretending all the time that they were going to Exeter Hall. But I am no enemy of rational enjoyment, so let that pass. *The Way of a Woman* is quite the sort of book to buy and give away as a birthday present to any girl who was born just fifteen years ago. It wouldn't hurt a niece.

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

A BELATED CRITICISM.

"My point is that the character, the theories, the position, and the methods, always, and the incidents and phrases often, which have made Sherlock Holmes a household word, are taken directly from Dupin and from Lecoq." This is the clinching sentence of a four-column article on Dr. Conan Doyle's *Sherlock Holmes* series of stories, with which Mr. Robert Blatchford has just surprised the readers of the *Clarion*. Mr. Blatchford, like the rest of us, heartily enjoyed Dr. Doyle's stories when they appeared in the *Strand Magazine*; but he had his own opinion about Holmes as compared with such detectives as Poe's Dupin or Gaboriau's Lecoq. It will be remembered that Dr. Doyle had his too. In *A Study in Scarlet* he makes Sherlock Holmes say:

"No doubt you think that you are complimenting me in comparing me to Dupin. Now, in my opinion, Dupin was a very inferior fellow. . . . He had some analytical genius, no doubt; but he was by no means such a phenomenon as Poe appeared to imagine.

Lecoq was a miserable bungler: he had only one thing to recommend him, and that was his energy. That book made me positively ill. The question was how to identify an unknown prisoner. I could have done it in twenty-four hours. Lecoq took six months or so. It might be made a text-book for detectives to teach them what to avoid."

It is clear that this passage has rankled in Mr. Blatchford's mind; indeed, he admits it, and when an attack of influenza suddenly widened his leisure, he began to look into the matter. With this result: "Let us see," says Mr. Blatchford, "how far Mr. Sherlock Holmes's contempt for his masters is justified by the facts"; and he proceeds to give an example of the work of that "very inferior fellow," Dupin:

"A girl was murdered near New York. The case created a great sensation, all the leading papers suggested theories of the crime, and the police were completely baffled.

Then Edgar Allan Poe wrote a story called *The Mystery of Marie Roget*, in which he set his imaginary detective, Dupin, to work to explain how the murder had been committed. Poe wrote at a distance from the scene of the crime, and with no other data than those found in the Press. He kept closely to the facts of the murder, changing only the names of places and persons, and he made Dupin unravel the whole mystery by a process of pure inductive reason.

Some years afterwards two persons at different places and at different times confessed, and in their confessions confirmed in full not only the general conclusion, but absolutely all the chief hypothetical details by which that conclusion was attained."

That is to say, that Dupin, the trifler, the 'inferior fellow,' actually applied to a real case the methods supposed to be peculiar to Sherlock Holmes, and discovered not only the murderer but all the steps taken in the perpetration of the crime.

Should we be justified now in calling Sherlock Holmes a trifler or an inferior fellow if in one of Conan Doyle's stories he had actually explained, and truly explained, all the mystery of the crimes of Jack the Ripper?"

Mr. Blatchford, who is evidently extremely well versed in Poe and Gaboriau, goes on to give extracts and instances tending to show that Sherlock Holmes's methods of criminal investigation have been anticipated by these writers. The following passage will show Mr. Blatchford's line of criticism:

"Dr. Doyle's second book, *The Sign of Four*, absorbs a good deal of Poe's *Murders in the Rue Morgue*.

Thus, in Poe's tale the murders are done by an ape, which has escaped from a sailor. In Conan Doyle's tale the murder is done by a small savage from the Andaman Isles, who is with a sailor. In both cases the murder is done against the sailor's wish. In the one case Dupin deduces the ape from a handprint, in the other Holmes deduces the savage from a footprint.

'I wish you particularly to notice these footmarks,' he said; 'do you observe anything noteworthy about them?'

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'They belong,' I said, 'to a child or a small woman.'
 'Apart from their size, though, is there nothing else?'
 'They appear to be much as other footmarks.'
 'Not at all. Look here! This is the print of a right foot in the dust. Now I make one with my naked foot beside it. What is the chief difference?'
 'Your toes are all cramped together. The other print has each toe distinctly divided.'

Now compare Dupin and his hand-print:

"'You will perceive,' continued my friend, spreading out the paper upon the table before us, 'that this drawing gives the idea of a firm and fixed hold. There is no *slipping* apparent. Each finger has retained—possibly until the death of the victim—the fearful grasp by which it originally imbedded itself. Attempt now to place all your fingers, at the same time, in the respective impressions as you see them.'

I made the attempt in vain.

'We are possibly not giving this matter a fair trial,' he said. 'The paper's spread out upon a plain surface; but the human throat is cylindrical. Here is a billet of wood, the circumference of which is about that of the throat. Wrap the drawing round it and try the experiment again.'

I did so, but the difficulty was even more obvious than before. 'This,' I said, 'is the mark of no human hand.'

But the resemblance between the methods of Holmes and those of the 'very inferior fellow,' Dupin, does not end there, for in the *Rue Morgue* Dupin takes up a volume of Cuvier, and shows his friend an account of a large and fierce orang-outang, with special allusion to his hands, and in *The Sign of Four* Holmes shows Watson in an encyclopædia an account of the savage races of the Andaman Islands, with special allusion to their feet. See *Sign of Four*, pp. 158-9, and *Rue Morgue*, pp. 213-14.

'In *The Sign of Four* the description of the sailor, Jonathan Small, is very like the description of the Maltese sailor in *The Rue Morgue*. In *The Sign of Four* Holmes says:

'I argued that the launch must be no great way off in spite of its invisibility. I then put myself in the place of Small, and looked at it as a man of his capacity would.'

Compare the words in italics with Poe's statement in *The Purloined Letter*.

'Now this mode of reasoning in the schoolboy, whom his fellows termed "lucky," what, in its last analysis, is it?'

'It is merely,' said I, 'an identification of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent.'

One cannot read *A Scandal in Bohemia* and *The Purloined Letter* together without being struck by the analogy. In one story the thing to be recovered is a letter stolen from the Queen of France. In the other it is a portrait given to a lady by the King of Bohemia. In both cases the detective enters the room of the person holding the desired object; in both cases an *emeute* is organised by the detective outside the house. In both cases the method of attack and the process of thought employed are identical.

Let anyone with a good knowledge of Sherlock Holmes study the three stories by Poe, and he cannot fail to perceive the indebtedness of Conan Doyle to the American author."

It must not be supposed that Mr. Blatchford is not an admirer and a great admirer, of Dr. Conan Doyle's most famous creation.

After examining many other instances of Mr. Sherlock Holmes's feats of detection, and finding in them, as he thinks, traces of indebtedness to the creators of the heroes of Poe's and Gaboriau's stories, Mr. Blatchford says:

"Is there, then, nothing new in the new detective? There is. One of the most fascinating and ingenious characteristics of Sherlock Holmes is his faculty for reading the men and women he meets as though they were books. His deductions from a soiled hat, a scratched watch, a splashed trouser, or a scarred hand, are peculiar to him, and always come upon the reader as a surprise. Mycroft Holmes, also, is a fine character, and I, for one, wish that Dr. Doyle would give us more of him. . . . Dr. Doyle is more 'readable' than Gaboriau or Edgar Allan Poe. His language is simpler, his stories are shorter, his mode of telling is clearer; he uses short sentences, and he judiciously waters down Poe's abstruse philosophy, and avoids Gaboriau's laboured sentiment. But, after all, he is only an industrious and skilful mechanic: Edgar Allan Poe was a genius and an inventor."

We do not know that the keenly scrutinising Sherlock Holmes has been so scrutinised before. But we fancy that the range of invention possible to a writer of detective stories is smaller than is commonly imagined.

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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow.]

THE most interesting arrival of the week is Prof. James Sully's *Children's Ways*. This is a volume of selections from the author's *Studies of Childhood*, with additional matter. Prof. Sully explains the book in a short preface, which we quote entire:

"The kindly welcome accorded by the Press to my volume, *Studies of Childhood*, has suggested to me that there was much in it which might be made attractive to a wider class of readers than that addressed in a psychological work. I have, accordingly, prepared the following selections, cutting out abstruse discussions, dropping as far as possible technical language, and adapting the style to the requirements of the general reader. In order to shorten the work the last two chapters—"Extracts from a Father's Diary" and "George Sand's Childhood"—have been omitted. The order of treatment has been altered somewhat, and a number of stories has been added. I hope that the result may succeed in recommending what has long been to myself one of the most delightful of subjects to many who would not be disposed to read a larger and more difficult work, and to draw on a few of these, at least, to a closer and more serious inspection of it."

It is curious to be reminded, in these days, when the Empire, as an idea, looms so large in the national mind, of the existence of the Regalia. Mr. Cyril Davenport has produced a handsomely illustrated folio on these royal insignia. By permission of Her Majesty he was allowed to photograph the Regalia out of their cases; as a matter of fact, Mr. Davenport took with him to the Tower an experienced photographer, and in the presence of two successive keepers of the Regalia, General Sir Michael A. S. Biddulph and Lieut.-General Sir Frederick D. Middle-

ton, Mr. Davenport secured the best photographs he could, and the negatives were afterwards worked upon and produced in the correct colours as illustrations to this work. Five hundred copies of the volume have been printed.

To the first volume of "The Library Series," *The Free Library: its History and Present Condition*, by John J. Ogle, Dr. Richard Garnett contributes a Preface in which he entitles our age the Age of the Books:

"Not merely that there never before were so many books in the world, or that there never was a time when books and newspapers were so widely read—so influential; but that there never before was so much interest and curiosity respecting the makers of books, authors—the emitters of books, publishers—or the custodians of books, librarians. This curiosity, frequently frivolous and annoying, bears testimony, at all events, to the place which literature has taken not merely in fact, but in general apprehension, among the agencies which mould the world. She always has had this place in effect ever since hieroglyphical writing passed into alphabetical; but the man of the world has been singularly unconscious of the agency by which its course was in large measure determined. Alexander has been conspicuous, Aristotle has been overlooked. Now the attention paid to authorship in all its forms shows that mankind has become aware that its destinies may be much affected by what some unknown young man is at the present moment scribbling in a garret."

It is, indeed, remarkable to think how differently the garret of a young author is regarded now as compared with a hundred years ago.

Mr. Ogle's work is concerned with the History of the Free Library Movement, which he divides into three periods; and in a second section he gives brief histories of typical libraries in London, and in provincial towns in the order of their size. The series, of which this is the opening volume, is published by Mr. George Allen, and will include books on Library Construction and Fittings, Library Administration, The Prices of Books, &c.

Opening Sir Edward J. Poynter's, P.R.A., *Lectures on Art* we read in the Preface: "I come to-day from the 'varnishing day' of the Royal Academy Exhibition with a pleasant conviction that there is on all sides a more decided tendency towards a higher standard in art, both as regards treatment of subject and execution, than I have ever before noticed; and I have no hesitation in attributing this sudden improvement in the main to the stimulus given to us all by the election of our new President, and to the influence of the energy, thoroughness, and nobility of aim which he . . ." We rub our eyes, and discover that this refers not to Sir Edward himself, but to the late Lord Leighton. This is a fourth and enlarged edition of these *Lectures*. Sir Edward admits that in 1869 he generalised too sweepingly, and dogmatised too daringly, on some points. Concerning the position he assigned to Michael Angelo, Sir Edward Poynter writes in his Preface to the present edition:

"At that time I had recently been in Rome for a second visit after an interval of fourteen years, and was full of the transcendent grandeur of Michael Angelo's great work in the Sistine

Chapel; the appearance of Braun's splendid photographs immediately afterwards enabling me to study its exhaustive variety more in detail than is possible in the chapel itself, my enthusiasm found its expression in the lecture in question. In spite of the broader views and additional knowledge that come with years, that enthusiasm has in no way abated, and from what I then said I would take nothing, though I might add much; and indeed found occasion to do so in a lecture delivered later to the students of the Slade School (No. IX. of the series), and I believe that on this subject, and as impressing on young students the importance of studying the works of the great masters of the past, these lectures may still be helpful to them, in spite of, or rather, I should say, because of, the strange tendency of the day among a certain class of painters to neglect the study of form, in favour of so-called impressions, hastily, and more or less dexterously, thrown on canvas. How much of this is due to a belief that the technique of the brush or palette-knife is the sole end of art, and how much to the convenience of shirking the labour and difficulties of the study of form, would be thought, no doubt, invidious to inquire; but it is a question not altogether irrelevant, though beyond the limits of this brief introduction.

The "Eversley" series continues to gather to itself some of the choicest of modern books. It may be remarked, not for the first time of course, that the format of this series is one of the best that has been produced of late years. The latest addition is Mr. Green's *The Making of England*, in two volumes. It is printed with the original Preface. In the same series the eighth, and final, volume of Mr. William Knight's definitive edition of Wordsworth's *Poetical Works* is to hand. It contains English and American bibliographies. We are glad to see that Mr. Knight prints in his Prefatory Note to this volume the interesting communication which appeared in the ACADEMY of January 2 this year from Dr. Garnett. It will be remembered that Dr. Garnett sent us a transcription of a sonnet on Vasco de Gama, which turned up at Messrs. Sotheby's, and which he declared to be "undoubtedly in Wordsworth's hand."

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

DE INCARNATIONE VERBI DOMINI. By Very Rev. E. A. Hoffmeyer. Riggs' Printing & Publishing Co. (Albany, N.Y.).

A MODERN'S RELIGION. By Ignotus. Henry & Co., Ltd. 1s. STATUTES OF LINCOLN CATHEDRAL. Arranged by the late Henry Bradshaw. Part II. Cambridge University Press.

THE LESSONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE. Illustrated by Thoughts in Verse. Compiled by the late Rev. J. H. Wanklyn, M.A. Vol. III. Bennet & Sons.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

HANNIBAL AND THE CRISIS OF THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN CARTHAGE AND ROME. By William O'Connor Morris. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s.

THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS. By Rev. S. Baring-Gould. New edition. Vol. V. John C. Nimmo. 6s.

AMERICAN HISTORY TOLD BY CONTEMPORARIES. Vol. I.: ERA OF COLONISATION, 1492-1690. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. The Macmillan Co. (New York).

THE MAKING OF ENGLAND. By John Richard Green. New "Eversley Edition." 2 vols. Macmillan & Co. 10s. OLD LUDGINGS OF STIRLING. By J. S. Fleming, F.S.A. Eneas Mackay (Stirling). 7s. 6d.

ART, DRAMA, BELLES LETTRES.

LECTURES ON ART. By Sir Edward J. Poynter, P.R.A. Fourth and enlarged edition. Chapman & Hall.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Vol. VIII. of "Eversley Edition." Edited by William Knight. Macmillan & Co. 5s.

THE DOME. Unicorn Press. 1s.
CHILDREN'S WAYS. By James Sully, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co.

A LONDON COMEDY, AND OTHER VANITIES. By Egan Mew. Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen. George Redway.

SCIENCE.

THEORY OF ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM. By Charles Emmonson Curry, Ph.D. Macmillan & Co. 8s. 6d.

FICTION.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN. By Walter Besant. Chas. & Windus. 6d.

KALISTRATUS. By A. H. Gilkes. Longmans & Co. 6s.

A BRIDE'S MADNESS. By Allen Upward. Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.

SWEET SCENTED GRASS. By Neville Marion. Digby, Long. 1s.

SMALL CONCERNS. By Frances England. Digby, Long. 1s.

SPORTING ADVENTURES. By M. de la Lotte. Digby, Long. 1s.

THE MASTER OF HULLINGHAM MANOR. By Bernard Wentworth. Digby, Long. 1s.

THE PIRATE AND THE THREE CUTTERS. By Captain Matytat. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

THE FASCINATION OF THE KING. By Guy Boothby. Ward, Lock & Co.

A DAY WITH THE HOUNDS. By "Covertside." Western Mail, Ltd.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE RAMBLER'S LIBRARY: NATURE-CHAT. By Edward A. Martin. R. E. Taylor & Son. 1s.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

RAMBLER ROUND LONDON—SERIES XVI: OVER THE NORTHERN HEIGHTS. Part II. By Alf. Holliday. R. E. Taylor & Son. 6d.

PICTORIAL AND DESCRIPTIVE GUIDE TO HARROGATE. Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd. 1s.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL. Vol. IX: January to June, 1897. Edward Stanford.

FRANZENBAD: AN AUSTRIAN HEALTH RESORT. With illustrations. Baillière, Tindall & Cox.

MEDICINE, &c.

A SYSTEM OF MEDICINE. By many Writers. Vol. III. Edited by Thomas Clifford Allbutt. Macmillan & Co. 25s.

CONVERGENT STRABISMUS AND ITS TREATMENT. By Edwin Holthouse, M.A. J. & A. Churchill. 6s.

EDUCATIONAL.

ORGANIC CHEMICAL MANIPULATION. By J. T. Hewitt, M.A., D.Sc. Whittaker & Co. 7s. 6d.

L'AIDE DE CAMP MABROT: SELECTIONS FROM THE MÉMOIRES DU GÉNÉRAL BARON DE MABROT. Edited, with Notes, by Granville Sharp, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 2s. 6d.

RIPON GRAMMAR SCHOOL: THE FOUNDATION CHARTER OF 1825. Edited and translated by C. C. Swinton Bland, M.A. William Harrison (Ripon).

PSYCHOLOGY: AN INTRODUCTORY MANUAL FOR THE USE OF STUDENTS. By F. Ryland, M.A. Seventh edition. George Bell & Sons. 4s. 6d.

FIRST BOOK OF WRITING ENGLISH. By Edwin Herbert Lewis, Ph.D. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

ELEMENTARY CLASSICS: SELECTIONS FROM THE ANECDOTES OF VALENTINUS MAXIMUS. Edited by Charles Henry Ward, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 1s. 6d.

BLACK'S SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE: A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Edited by L. W. Lyde, M.A. A. & C. Black.

FOREIGN.

EN CONGÉ: ÉGYPTÉ, CÉLÉSYRIE, SUD DE L'INDE. Par Georges Noblemoine. Librairie Hachette et Cie.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ENGLISH REGALIA. By Cyril Davenport, F.S.A. Kegan Paul. 21s.

SOUVENIR OF MADAME SAINT-GÈNE. Presented at the Lyceum Theatre by Henry Irving. 1s.

NOTES ON THE PAINTED GLASS IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL. With a Preface by the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D. Aberdeen University Press.

THE ART AND PARTING OF CYCLING. By R. J. Macredy and A. J. Wilson. Fourth edition. Archibald Constable & Co. 1s.

THE FREE LIBRARY: ITS HISTORY AND PRESENT CONDITION. By John J. Ogle. George Allen. 6s.

ON PAINTING IN WATER-COLOURS. By Hume Nisbet, Reeves & Sons.

THE THEORY OF CREDIT. By Henry Dunning Macleod, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 10s.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE had thought that the rhyming chronicler was a character of the past. But he survives in Mr. George Norman Hester, who, as we learn from a contemporary, claims to have based his recently published *Annals of England* upon the "Annales" of Ennius. No doubt rhyme is to facts what jam is to a crust, but we are sorry for children who will carry with them through life such a couplet as:

"Caxton from Flanders brought the press,
And printing slew the fair MS.";

or whose tender minds are burdened with such shake-down criticism as this:

"Wordsworth hymned Nature. His retreat
By Coleridge's song was made more sweet.
Landon had Roman eloquence,
And Southey ease and eloquence;
Lamb was felicitous and quaint,
And Hazlitt's style beyond attainment.
Utilitarian Bentham taught
That happiness was to be sought."

Such judgments cannot profitably be imparted to the young in any shape; but to impart them in these jingles is to lay a kind of "Punch, brothers, punch," curse on their future reading.

THE sale of Arab horses at Crabbet Park on Saturday afternoon saw quite a gathering of literary men, women, and ghosts. The host himself, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, is a poet, the several editions of whose *Love Sonnets of Proteus* bear witness to its popularity. Then the ghost of Lord Byron could be nowhere on earth if not at Crabbet, where his granddaughter, Lady Anne Blunt, was hostess, and where all his descendants of the fourth generation were gathered—to wit, Miss Judith Blunt, the daughter of the house, and her cousin, Lady Mary Milbanke. The ghosts of Bulwer and of "Owen Meredith" were gathered up in the son of one and the grandson of the other, the present young Earl of Lytton. Mr. Evelyn, of Wotton, was there to be reminded by Mr. Blunt that his ancestor of the Diary had said something to disparage the Arab. The presence of another gentleman at once suggested the Hon. Mrs. Norton, whose verses, "My beautiful, my beautiful, who standest meekly by," ingratiated the Arab with our grandmothers. Other names recalled other memories of authors dead and gone. It was a great Pedigree occasion all round. Nor were living men and women of letters unrepresented where Mr. Lecky, Mrs. Meynell, and Sir Edwin Arnold kept the host company.

THE title of Mr. Grant Allen's forthcoming volume of researches into the origin of religion—its sub-title, by the way—is not *The Evolution of God*, but *The Evolution of the Idea of God*, although it is true that the first title was originally contemplated. This is a work on which Mr. Allen has been engaged, on and off, ever since he left Oxford, some twenty-five years ago. It will be published simultaneously in England

and America by Mr. Grant Richards and Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.

APPROPOS of the eightieth anniversary of the death of Jane Austen, it may be mentioned that the house in Winchester Close in which she died is still standing. It is quite a small house, and bears an inscription to this effect: "This is the house in which Jane Austen spent the latter days of her life, and died July 24, 1817." The house is inhabited.

THE *Chap Book* has taken to statistics rather amusingly. It finds that out of twenty-six writers in the current *Yellow Book* eleven are women, ten men, and five unclassified or unsexed. Starting with this discovery, our contemporary becomes philosophic concerning the progress of women in the Victorian age. Sixty years ago, it says, women seldom wrote for the magazines. This is not strictly accurate if we consider the old albums among the magazines. Women (male and female) contributed the bulk of their contents. Lady Blessington set the fashion, and in her train came Mrs. Gore, Mrs. S. C. Hall, and a number of others whose names are unimportant. This is, however, a digression: the *Chap Book's* statistics hold the field.

AN inspection of the contents of the *Yellow Book* enables the *Chap Book* to arrange the data in convenient form for the use of the student. So:

	Number of Articles.	Prose.	Poetry.
Male	10	5	5
Female	11	8	3
Unclassified . .	5	1	4

"Thus," says the *Chap Book*, "it will be seen that, left freely to choose their medium of expression, only about 27 per cent. of the ladies select verse, while of the men exactly 50 per cent., and of the necessarily unclassified 80 per cent. 'lisp,' as the poet says, 'in numbers.' Making further analysis of the woman's work, we find that the prose is divided as follows: Fiction, 6; prose pastels, 2. In 50 per cent. of the tales death plays an important part. There is one death by heart disease, one by shock and hemorrhage from a bullet-wound, and one by grief. In only 16.6 per cent. of the fiction is marriage indicated." The result of this inquiry is the conviction that the *Yellow Book* goes far to remove the stain put upon the fair name of England by the surly Senate of Cambridge.

THE new *Logia* discovered by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt are having a very mixed reception. The *Spectator* has been impelled to point out "the danger of false 'sayings of Christ,'" while Dr. Martineau wonders at the importance attached to them. Concerning Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt's pamphlet Dr. Martineau writes:

"It is highly interesting, not, indeed, as adding anything historical to such knowledge of the personal teaching of Jesus as we gather from the synoptical Gospels, but as confirming the most probable judgment previously formed respecting the popular traditional materials out of which those Gospels were brought into their present form. The date assigned by the editors

to the papyri now published is too late to have any testimonial value. The text attests only the current conceptions of the Church in the latter half of the second century. It is well to enlarge our knowledge of this by ever so little; but it is a gain simply ecclesiastical, not religious."

It has been pointed out that Mr. Kipling's much-discussed "Recessional" is not the only hymn he has written. There is his "Hymn before Action":

"The earth is full of anger,
The sky is dark with wrath,
The nations in their harness
Come up upon our path.
Before we rank the legions,
Before we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, aid."

WHAT daily papers, we wonder, does Mr. Birrell patronise? In his remarks at Lincoln's Inn Hall, on Saturday last, he confessed his disgust at accounts he read in the Press as to "how a woman wrote her novel, how many years of solemn thought she had devoted to a twopenny-halfpenny tale which ten years hence no one would read, how this and that character was revealed—that, he thought, was vulgarising literature. The aptest answer we have seen to Mr. Birrell's indictment "that the pretensions of our daily Press are ridiculously high, are extravagantly increasing, and ought to be forthwith abated" was in the *St. James's Gazette*. Said our contemporary: "That Mr. Birrell's pleasantries are painfully feeble, are steadily growing weaker, and ought to be treated with a strong tonic is clear from his attack on the Press on Saturday. He described the newspapers as 'commercial concerns trading in news.' No journalist need object to the definition. But what about second-rate politicians? Are they not advertising individuals trading in views? And what would become of them if they were not reported by the Press?"

THE Providence that watches over book-hunters is the subject of an article in the current number of *Chambers's Journal*. The article itself has an interesting history, for it was written thirty years ago, and the facts it contains were communicated to the writer by the father of Robert Browning. Out of the many instances of wonderful "finds" given, we select two:

"A work on astrology, believed to be unique, without title-page, but bearing date 1473, and consequently one of the earliest specimens of printing extant, having been brought out twenty years after the discovery of the art, exquisitely printed, with all the capital letters put in by hand, some of them being done in gold and others in colour—was picked up at a London bookstall for fifteen-pence."

Such a "find" is inconceivable nowadays, when the tendency of people ignorant of books is to over-value, not to under-value, any volume that has a quaint appearance.

ANOTHER anecdote, a most remarkable one, is this:

"A London book-hunter of the last generation gave to his son, as the 'nest-egg' of his future library, a translation of *The Life and*

Character of Theophrastus, minus the title-page, but attributed to Coleman. On giving this book to his son, the father wrote his name on the flyleaf. A few years afterwards the son, accompanied by his beloved books, went to Jamaica, where the translation in question was borrowed of him by a military officer on service in that colony. This officer, being unexpectedly transferred with his regiment to another colony, quitted Jamaica very suddenly, inadvertently taking with him the borrowed translation; a circumstance which caused great annoyance and regret to its owner, who prized it very highly as being the gift of his father and containing that parent's handwriting. He made various attempts to learn the whereabouts of the officer who had so carelessly carried off the treasured volume, but could never obtain any tidings of him, and at length relinquished the effort, and gave up the book for lost. Five-and-twenty years afterwards the book-hunter, having returned to London, was one day strolling along the Old Kent-road, and peering about him as usual, when he came to the shop of a dealer in old iron, near the then existent turnpike-gate which formerly stood nearly opposite the burial-ground. As he glanced into the dingy depths of this shop he suddenly espied his lost translation, stowed away upon a shelf. Hastily entering the shop, he bought back his missing treasure for the sum of sixpence, which the man of iron seemed to think himself very lucky in getting in exchange for it. The presence of his father's handwriting on the flyleaf was still as legible as ever, and rendered it certain that the volume, so strangely recovered, was the identical one the loss of which he had so long deplored."

THE least needed and least interesting of the City churches are being slowly weeded out. St. Mary's, Aldermanbury, is, we are told, "threatened with extinction." We presume that this means the extinction of its services, and not the demolition of the church itself. We believe that of all the sixty-four City churches only nine are considered by antiquarians as uninteresting enough to be sacrificed. St. Mary's, Aldermanbury, cannot be one of these, for it was built by Wren, and in it were buried Henry Condell and John Heminge, the editors of the first folio of Shakespeare's plays.

THE eighth summer meeting of University Extension students begins with a lecture by the Bishop of Ripon, on the "Romantic Revival in English Literature." This inaugural lecture also fitly introduces the main course of this year's studies—namely, the History, Literature, Art, and Philosophy of the Revolutionary Epoch, 1789–1848, in which course over eighty lectures will be delivered. The chief of these are a series of twelve on the "French Revolution and the Age of Napoleon," which will be conducted mainly by younger men. Prof. Dicey lectures on the "English Constitution under George III.," Mr. Leonard Courtney on "Canning," the Rev. W. H. Hutton on "Wellesley's Rule in India," and Mr. C. R. Beazley on "European Explorers in Africa, 1789–1815. In Literature the chief lecturers are Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, Mr. Birrell, Canon Gore, Mr. F. S. Boas, Prof. R. S. Moulton, Dr. Caird, and Dr. Bonnier, of Paris; in the History and Theory of Education Mr. Churton Collins, Mr. H. J. Mackinder, and Mr. M. E. Sadler; in the English Language

Dr. Henry Sweet; and in Natural Science Mr. J. E. Marsh, Mr. P. Elford, and Mr. P. Groom. Canon Scott Holland will speak on four occasions on St. John's Gospel; and Prof. W. R. Sorley will give six lectures on the "Theory of Virtue and the Virtues." This enumeration gives but a few of the names and subjects of study; there is work for students in all departments of research, and each year sees an increase in facilities afforded and completeness of organisation. The meeting lasts until August 25, when general interest will be turning towards the programme of the British Association.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS have included *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* in their sixpenny re-issues of popular novels. We have many novels with a purpose; Sir Walter Besant's story may be called a novel with a result. Referring to the social ideas developed in his story, Sir Walter writes in the new Preface which he supplies to this edition: "I do not claim originality for any of these ideas. The novelist is never, I believe, original: he looks abroad, he observes, he receives, he reflects. That novelist becomes most popular who is best able to catch and to represent the ideas of the day, the forces acting on the present. I think that this story did so present the ideas of the day."

MR. HALL CAINE's novel, *The Christian*, will be published on August 9, exactly three years after his last book, *The Manxman*. The first edition, in six-shilling form, will consist of 50,000 copies, exclusive of America and the Colonies. It is believed this is the largest number ever printed in one edition of a novel published at this price.

The Genealogical Magazine for August will contain articles on "The Queen's Irish Ancestors"; "The Earldom of Selkirk"; "The Ancient Commoner Family of Strode"; and "The Pedigree of Shakespeare."

MR. JAMES LANE ALLEN's *The Choir Invisible* has achieved a striking success among his own countrymen. The last accounts from America are to the effect that upwards of twenty thousand copies have been sold.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish in a few days *With the Greeks in Thessaly*, by Mr. W. Kinnaird Rose, who acted as Reuter's correspondent with the Greek Army. The book is illustrated with twenty-four sketches by Mr. Maud, of the *Graphic*, and it has, moreover, several maps and plans.

MRS. F. A. STEEL will contribute to the August number of *Cosmopolis* a complete story, entitled "Fire and Ice," and M. Pierre Loti a study of a *jeune fille*, entitled "Le Mur d'en Face."

IN the letter which we printed last week from "Cobdenite" on the book discount question the date of Cobden's speech from which the writer quoted was given as February 8, 1884. This was obviously a misprint for 1844.

AUTHORS AND A PUBLISHER.

THE sex problem is almost impossible of solution in such a signature as "K. Douglas King." So it happened that when *The Scripture Reader of St. Mark's* appeared last year (after being summarily refused by one eminent publisher, on the ground that his firm never published works of theology!) critics differed, as critics will, even about the masculine or feminine prefix to the name of the writer of the novel. Some said "Miss" K. Douglas King, and some said "Mr." The character of the book, in which there was nothing womanish, though nothing unwomanly, perhaps favoured the Mr., which has been repeated by many reviewers of *Father Hilarion* during the past month. For all that, it is a mythic Mr. Miss Katharine Douglas King takes her Katherine Douglas from the lady of history and of Rossetti's ballad:

"I, Katherine, am a Douglas born,
A name to all Scots dear;
And Kate Barlass they've called me now
Through many a waning year.
This old arm's withered now—'twas once
Most deft 'mong maidens all,
To rein the steed, to wing the shaft,
To smite the palm-play ball.
In hall adown the close-linked dance
It has shown most white and fair;
It has been the rest of a true lord's head.
And many a sweet babe's nursing-bed,
And the bar to a king's chamber."

The lady who bolted with her arm the door against murderers of James the First of Scotland was an ancestress of the young novelist, on her mother's side; but she does not need to go back beyond her own parents to illustrate her lineage. She is, in fact, the bearer of a name that both her parents have made familiar; for her father was the founder of the publishing house of Henry S. King & Co., and her mother is therefore Mrs. Hamilton King, whose "Disciples" and other poems have passed through many editions.

The firm of Indian bankers and agents, Henry S. King & Co., of Pall Mall and Cornhill, is carried on by the eldest son of Mr. Henry S. King, Sir Seymour King, M.P. The recreations of eminent men are now registered in biographical dictionaries, and they cover a wide field. But Mr. King is probably the only man who took to publishing as a distraction. First in conjunction with Mr. George Smith, now the head of the firm of Messrs. Smith & Elder, and then on his own account, he became the middleman between those two uncertain and difficult classes, the authors and the readers. He it was who gave Tennyson £4,000 a year for his copyrights, a generous arrangement which is said to have been an advantageous advertisement for a firm it did not otherwise reward. He it was who secured for his "reader" Mr. Kegan Paul, who subsequently arranged to carry on the business under his own name and that of Mr. Trench. That, however, takes us too far ahead. It was still in the "Henry S. King" days of the firm that a parcel of poetry—so we have heard—the story—reached the office in Cornhill, very

memorably for both the public and the publisher.

That parcel came from Miss Harriet E. Hamilton. Her father was an English Admiral, and her mother a sister of the Duke of Abercorn. It was the "Execution of Felice Orsini" that first stirred the girl's muse. The publisher sought out the poetess, and she became his wife—the problem of publisher and author had in that case a simple solution. "Aspromonte" was published in 1869, and was succeeded by "The Disciples," which passed quickly through ten editions. The Disciples were Mazzini and his friends, and the book was written "by command" of Mazzini, though it reached him in proof-sheet only in time to be laid not within his living hand, but at his dead feet:

"O book of mine which he commanded! Long
Waited and worked for, and achieved too
late.
Whose first leaves flying over seas, like flights
Of white doves loosened sweeping straight to
home,
Were carried unto Pisa, and found there
Mourning, and at the dead feet were laid
low,
Instead of in the living master's hand;
One day too late, and so came short for all,
And missed the confirmation of his eyes."

The part of the book entitled "Ugo Bassi's Sermon" has been adjudged a popularity even beyond the rest, and has been reprinted as a tract for circulation in hospitals. It was the gospel of renunciation—nay, more: it was the preaching of the proud preference for pain—the ecstasy of agony:

"If any now were bidden rise and come
To either, would he pause to choose between
The rose-warm kisses of a waiting bride
In a shut silken chamber—or the thrill
Of the bared limbs, bound fast for martyr-
dom?"

Not Friar Ugo Bassi nor his friends! The part played by two English poetesses, Mrs. Hamilton King and Mrs. Browning, in the Young Italy movement can never be ignored. Mrs. Hamilton King's work, broad as it is in its passionate love for all human freedom, has every year its new admirers. And her admirers have included persons the most diverse—for instance, a Roman Cardinal was not likely to be among Mazzinians; yet Cardinal Manning, as those who knew him will remember, never lost an opportunity to praise these poems; and when, at the end of his life, he made the acquaintance of the poetess at the time of the Dockers' Strike, and received her into the Roman Catholic Church, he would not have her alter a line of what, with imperfect knowledge perhaps here and there, but with a perfect enthusiasm for humanity, she had written in her earlier years.

Of Mrs. Hamilton King's high qualities as a poet it is impossible to speak with any adequacy in an allusive article such as this; but a word must be snatched in homage for "The Shade of Chatterton," published in the volume entitled *Ballads of the North*, a volume otherwise remarkable for "The Haunted Czar." It is in reading such poems as these that one wonders if the world is quite aware of the treasury it possesses.

A POET OF THE NARROW SEAS.

THE sketch of Miss Ingelow's life and work which appeared in these columns last week may, perhaps, be supplemented. Miss Ingelow wrote beautiful and touching things about the sea. She was born near it, and she has told how her nurse, a sailor's widow, would talk of storms and wrecks. Her stories "gave me my first sense of tragedy, and connected it with the sea." This remark goes far to explain why the idea of death at sea haunts Miss Ingelow's poetry. But tragedy did not exclude the brighter side of seafaring life from the child's mind. For "when the tide came up in the river there were certain wooden wharves between it and the granaries. We could walk on them, and the sound of our steps and of the water washing against the piles on which they were built caused me a kind of ecstasy, especially when the sun shone, and the water could be seen glittering through the cracks in them."

The tragedy and the ecstasy of the sea, thus felt by the child on the Lincolnshire coast, were at last sung by the poet. Here, for example, is the ecstasy of the sea as a child feels it; we quote from "Gladys and Her Island":

"The sea
Was filled with light; in clear blue caverns
curled
The breakers, and they ran, and seemed to romp,
As playing at some rough and dangerous game,
While all the nearer waves rushed in to help,
And all the farther heaved their heads to peep,
And tossed the fishing boats. Then Gladys
laughed,
And said, 'O, happy tide, to be so lost
In sunshine, that one dare not look at it;
And lucky cliffs, to be so brown and warm;
And yet how lucky are the shadows, too,
That lurk between their ledges. It is strange,
That in remembrance though I lay them up,
They are for ever, when I come to them,
Better than I had thought. O, something yet
I had forgotten. Oft I say, 'At least
This picture is imprinted; thus and thus,
The sharpened serried jags run up, run out,
Layer on layer.' And I look—up—up—
High, higher up again, till far aloft
They cut into their aether—brown, and clear,
And perfect. And I, saying, 'This is mine
To keep,' retire; but shortly come again.
And they confound me with a glorious change.
The low sun out of rain-clouds stares at them;
They redden, and their edges drip with—what?
I know not, but 'tis red. It leaves no stain,
For the next morning they stand up like ghosts
In a sea-shroud, and fifty thousand mews
Sit there, in long white files, and chatter on,
Like silly school-girls in their silliest mood."

That is the child's sea-side mind. But it was the tragedy of the sea that came to Jean Ingelow first—so we judge by her narrative—and in her rendering of it she often rose to the height of her powers. Read the following description of a storm, put into the mouth of an old fisherman. The lines occur "In Brothers: a Sermon":

"There was a poor old man
Who sat and listened to the raging sea,
And heard it thunder, lunging at the cliffs
As like to tear them down. He lay at night;
And 'Lord have mercy on the lads,' said he,
That sailed at noon, though they be none of
mine!

For when the gale gets up, and when the wind

Flings at the window, when it beats the roof,
And lulls, and stops, and rouses up again,
And cuts the crest clean off the plunging wave,

And scatters it like feathers up the field,
Why, then I think of my two lads: my lads
That would have worked and never let me want,

And never let me take the parish pay.
No, none of mine; my lads were drowned at sea—

My two—before the most of these were born.
I know how sharp that cuts, since my poor wife
Walked up and down, and still walked up and down,

And I walked after, and one could not hear
A word the other said, for wind and sea
That raged and beat and thundered in the night—

The awfullest, the longest, lightest night
That ever parents had to spend—a moon
That shone like daylight on the breaking wave.

Ah, me! and other men have lost their lads,
And other women wiped their poor dead mouths,
And got them home and dried them in the house,

And seen the driftwood lie along the coast,
That was a tidy boat but one day back,
And seen next tide the neighbours gather it
To lay it on their fires."

In "Sailing Beyond Seas" the lover's loss is expressed in a form that one thinks Miss Ingelow owed in part to Coleridge, whose albatross, also, she seems to have remembered when she wrote of "the great white bird" on the lighthouse in "Requiescat in Pace." Here the bird is a dove:

"Methought the stars were blinking bright,
And the old brig's sails unfurled;
I said, 'I will sail to my love this night
At the other side of the world.'

I stepped aboard—we sailed so fast—
The sun shot up from the bourne;
But a dove that perched upon the mast
Did mourn, and mourn, and mourn.
O fair! O fond dove!

And dove with the white breast,
Let me alone, the dream is my own,
And my heart is full of rest."

Truer in its substance is the lament of the mother in "Supper at the Mill," with its passionate stanza, beginning "O my lost love, and my own, own love," and its last stanza:

"We shall walk no more through the sodden plain
With the faded bents o'erspread,
We shall stand no more by the seething main
While the dark wrack drives o'erhead;
We shall part no more in the wind and the rain,
Where thy last farewell was said;
But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again
When the sea gives up her dead."

To conclude with the "ecstasy":

"For me the bounding in of tides; for me
The laying bare of sands when they retreat;
The purple flash of calms, the sparkling glee
When waves and sunshine meet."

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THE gilded youth of Paris have no reason to love M. Henri Lavedan. He is their portrait-painter-in-ordinary, and no kind one at that. The measure of justice he deals them is ferocious. *Les Jeunes* is quite the most terrible pronouncement of modern cynicism literature can furnish: witty, light, amusing, but cruelly contemptuous. Are the young men, then, really such very dull and corrupted dogs? The method of M. Lavedan is broad and audacious. Brionze, Montois, and D'Allarège are sitting smoking in the twilight. They understand each other in silence. From time to time they alternatively drop a monosyllable which is a mere affirmation of their absence of thought.

"Brionze: 'Yes.' Montois: 'Yes' (puff, smoke-curl, roll of carriages, Paris hums). Montois: 'Ah; là, là!' D'Allarège: 'Yes, indeed.' Brionze: 'Whom do you say it to? (Blue smoke through the nose, ashes falling into the tray, and time goes by.) D'Allarège: 'And with all that what else?' Montois: 'Nothing much.'" The nothingness of all that so overcomes Brionze that he exclaims: "'At times' (he stops). Montois: 'What?' Brionze: 'The idea of putting an end' (makes the gesture of the revolver). Montois: 'Don't do that.' D'Allarège: 'Doesn't improve matters.' Montois: 'You'd be sorry afterwards.' Brionze: 'Think so?' D'Allarège: 'Sure!' Brionze: 'In that case—' (silence; the cigars are finished)." One sees the inane group, sees their cigars, feels the twilit silence about them, the depression, hears their broken, exhausted speech, and in the distance the lively roars of the city.

Another animated circle talk of women. Brionze describes his attachment to a corset-maker whom he visits once a week for a few minutes. La Hutte, stupefied by such a waste of time, exclaims: "'You are wild about women. I see that.' Brionze: 'What will you? One is young only for a while.' La Hutte: 'And how long has this continued?' Brionze: 'Augustine? Oh, it is an old affair. Six weeks, my child. It is coming to an end.' La Hutte: 'And have you had many of these violent passions?' Brionze: 'I can't count them.'" Whereupon Planteau volunteers his livelier experiences. He reprimands the woman-hater, and adds: "One has a heart after all. One isn't quite a Redskin." He is continually in love, but he never sees the beloved again, once she responds to his passion. The seventy-seventh, a brunette of Melun, falls dead from heart-disease into his arms the first time she cries "I love you." "You wouldn't believe it," he says, "but it touched me a little—just a little, a queer impression, and then—a kind of regret. A fine girl too. Had she come to life again, 'pon my word, I felt I would have been capable—of actually seeing her a second time. A fancy, so! That affair has never since left my head. For at least fifteen days afterwards I felt I had had enough of little friends. That has passed. All the same, it is one of love's sadnesses.

Still, there is more good in it than one imagines. It ripens you like a melon. But let us talk of other things. What do you think of Crete?" La Hutte will not have anything to say to women, "it always ends badly." "But," says Planteau, "it begins so well." Mme. Chailun admits to her son that a certain friend pleases her. "That's enough," cries Pierre. "He pleases you. That's how it begins. And then, one fine day, you will displease him. That's how it ends." The mother reproves him, and he cries: "Ah, it is shocking and scandalous to hint such things to you, my mother, my sainted mother, since it is understood that all mothers are sainted." And Paul, lecturing his father, advises him to dispense with memories. "They are the dirty linen of life." At five years of age he had already left illusions behind him. At four he admits he placed his shoe on the chimney-piece on Christmas Eve, but at five he "smelt humbug," and was not to be taken in twice. His business is to avoid sentiment and emotion, laughter and tears, which he leaves to his naïve elders. He is a wise youth, and thus defines his generation: "At ten we want to be twenty. At twenty we pose for forty; and at forty we must have the Grand Ribbon of the Legion and a funeral at the expense of the State when we smash up, or else we sulk. 'All or nothing' is not our motto, but 'all, all at once,' or else—good evening. This accounts for our hatred of the old ones. Ah, no, we don't love the old ones"; and when the father asks him how it will be when they are old themselves, he replies: "We'll detest the young ones." His father he apostrophises as "a dynastic soul, a man of olden times, of the date of the pyramids." He admits he doesn't know where the generation is going—but that's a detail. They are going all the same, and they'll know where when they arrive. One always ends by arriving somewhere. Another delightful "Jeune" is the orderly rake. He takes a light lady out to dinner. She orders the traditional *menu* and scandalises him with her slang. He asks for three oysters, two eggs and spinach, a veal cutlet and syphon. His austerity no less stupefies her. "Where are we going afterwards?" she asks. "Nowhere. Only provincials and servants go to the theatre nowadays. The *chic* people, I mean the young people, go to bed at nine o'clock." June declares her loathing for "the young people," with their early hours, their diet, and their "d—d bi..cy..". She prefers "the old fellows," like her lover's father, who still ride. Musing over his father's primitive tastes, Guy says, "Yes, he rides, and he never misses an opera ball. Quite Gothic."

There are two forms of writers among the "Jeunes." One who says "Production is inevitable decline. All translated thought is wrecked. One is only really strong when one cannot be judged. Real eloquence is silent." The other who succeeds by keeping himself well on view. He goes to every funeral, every marriage, writes to everybody who has an accident, success, or failure. Writes three letters to every author who sends him a presentation copy. The final

one, "I have read this delicate, this admirable, &c. I make a friend of the man for life. From dint of incessantly discovering genius in all my comrades, they have recognised a certain talent in me." Another author wants to write an immortal masterpiece called the "Trinity"—not Malbrouck's, which passes, but the study of adultery, which, alas! remains. He appeals to a lady to find him a wife in order to make a study from Nature. Either his wife will betray him, and then he will know exactly how the injured husband feels, or he will betray her, and he will receive an excellent lesson in the sufferings of the injured wife. "What splendid copy," he cries, cheerfully supposing himself the injured one. Under the circumstances his friend admits she would prefer to be the lover. But he is familiar with that side of the question. What he longs for is the other, to know the feelings of a jealous and betrayed husband.

H. L.

NEW BOOKS.

Souvenirs et Impressions. Marquis de Massa.
La Fin de la Vie. Yvanhoë Rambosson.

THE BOOK MARKET.

JANE AUSTEN'S NOVELS.

THE eightieth anniversary of the death of Jane Austen having just passed, it occurred to me to call on Messrs. Bentley, who may be said to be in a sense Jane Austen's publishers. The copyright of her works has long expired, and excellent editions are issued by other large publishing houses. But Messrs. Bentley & Son claim to publish the only absolutely complete set of Jane Austen's novels. This includes the two short stories, *Lady Susan* and *The Watsons*, which were discovered some twenty years ago. I learned that Messrs. Bentley & Son bought the copyrights of Jane Austen's works somewhere about 1830 from the original copyright holders. *Lady Susan* and *The Watsons* were first issued by them in 1869. The entire set, including Mr. Austen Leigh's *Life* of the novelist, is composed of six volumes in Messrs. Bentley's "Favourite" series. The works in this series are not illustrated, and it is to other publishing houses that we must look, for illustrated editions of the six novels.

Messrs. Macmillan have already included in their series of "Illustrated Standard Novels" three of Jane Austen's stories. These are *Pride and Prejudice*, by many considered her masterpiece, illustrated by Mr. C. E. Brock; *Sense and Sensibility*, also illustrated by Mr. Brock; and *Emma*, illustrated by Mr. Hugh Thompson. I am glad to find that the remaining three novels, *Mansfield Park*, *Northanger Abbey*, and *Persuasion* are to appear in the same series, with illustrations by Mr. Hugh Thompson.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. have also issued a most attractive edition of Jane Austen's novels within the last few years.

Their set forms ten dainty volumes, with charming illustrations, from photogravure plates, by Mr. William C. Cook.

The hold which Jane Austen keeps on the public is thus seen to be a very strong one. And to these recent editions of her novels must be added a significant item: I mean Messrs. Routledge & Co.'s sixpenny reprints of *Pride and Prejudice* and *Sense and Sensibility*. A leading publisher remarked to me the other day that it is greatly to the credit of the public that it goes on buying the novels of this quiet, clever writer, who offers them no sensation, but only delicate insight into ordinary human character, and a refined wit.

It would be most interesting if the entire fortunes of Jane Austen's six novels could be set forth in facts and figures. The circumstance that her stories still sell largely in rival editions precludes the hope that this will be done; but the case of Jane Austen's novels would be a particularly easy and suitable one for such an exhaustive analysis of negotiations, sales, prices, and the profits to all concerned. One thing is certain, Jane Austen herself reaped little profit from books which have given keen delight to three generations of readers.

How," says Mr. Goldwin Smith, "did the world receive these works which now charm its highest minds? *Pride and Prejudice* was offered by the writer's father to a publisher, who declined the offer by return of post. It is due to his shade to say that he evidently did not see the MS. *Northanger Abbey* was sold in 1805 for ten pounds to a publisher in Bath, who on inspection thought it so unpromising a venture that he let it lie for many years in his drawer, and was then glad to sell it back for the sum which he had given for it."

Jane Austen did better with *Sense and Sensibility*, for which Mr. Egerton, of the "Military Library," Whitehall, gave her a hundred and fifty pounds. This publisher also put forth *Pride and Prejudice* and *Mansfield Park*. Probably Jane Austen began to taste the sweets of fame when she came into contact with Mr. Murray. She asked him to consider the MS. of *Emma*, and Mr. Murray seems to have sent it to Gifford, together with the volumes of *Pride and Prejudice*. At any rate, we find Gifford writing to Mr. Murray as follows:

"I have for the first time looked into *Pride and Prejudice*, and it is really a very pretty thing. No dark passages; no secret chambers; no wind-howlings in long galleries; no drops of blood upon a rusty dagger—things that should now be left to ladies' maids and sentimental washerwomen."

Gifford little knew that in *Northanger Abbey*, which lay neglected in the desk of a Bath bookseller, Jane Austen had deliberately satirised these very extravagances.

Again, Gifford writes under date September 29, 1815:

"I have read *Pride and Prejudice* again—'tis very good—wretchedly printed, and so pointed as to be almost unintelligible. Of *Emma* I have nothing but good to say. I was sure of the writer before you mentioned her. The MS., though plainly written, has some, indeed many, little omissions; and an expression may now and then be amended in passing through the Press. I will readily undertake the revision."

Gifford was not the only one of her contemporaries who was quick to perceive Jane Austen's genius. In Sir Walter Scott's diary is this entry:

"Read again, for the third time at least, *Pride and Prejudice*. . . . That young lady has a talent for describing the involvements of feeling and character of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big bow-wow strain I can do myself, like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early."

Those who have praised Jane Austen have invariably praised her handsomely. Lord Tennyson is said to have hinted on one occasion that he ranked her next to Shakespeare in English literature, as a delineator, no doubt, of character. And if it is hard to believe this, what of Macaulay's judgment, about which there can be no dispute: "There are in the world no compositions which approach nearer to perfection." The Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., was charmed with Jane Austen's works, and is said to have always slept with one of her volumes under his pillow. He solicited the dedication of *Emma*, and, of course, got it. Mr. Goldwin Smith writes of him:

"The figure of poor George IV. has been covered from head to heel with mud flung on it, and, with too good reason, by numberless hands. But let three things be recorded in his favour. He visited Ireland; he fell in love with a very excellent as well as charming woman in the person of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and, if he had been allowed, would have made her his wife; and he liked Jane Austen's novels."

D R A M A.

IT may appear strange that while theatres are closing on every hand the management of the Comedy Theatre should select the present moment for reopening with that amusing farce "The Saucy Sally." But the truth is, that torrid heats are fatal only to the more intellectual forms of the drama. Farce and other frivolous productions, together with melodrama, flourish luxuriantly, or at least sufficiently well to bring interim management into being. The "summer piece" is a speciality of the season. A strange compound it is. If we may take "Four Little Girls," now running at the Criterion, as a fair sample of the genre, it will be seen to be in its general character about twenty years behind the prevailing taste of the day. The key-note of the summer piece is boisterous fun. If only the low comedian can get his coat torn off his back, or sit on a handbox, or lay himself open to a false charge of bigamy, the success of the piece is assured. The author of "Four Little Girls," Mr. W. S. Craven, has in Mr. James Welch a wonderful Scotch tutor who has to bear the brunt of a deal of misunderstanding of the sort which the summer playgoer delights in. He is tutor to two young fellows who are reading

law with him, and who get married without the knowledge of their respective fathers. Consequently when these fathers turn up suddenly at the chambers occupied by the young men, the young wives have each to be passed off as the tutor's. Add to this imbroglia that the fathers themselves, being widowers, are resolved to marry widows, and, what is more, to make their sons marry the daughters of these same widows, and the humour of this typical summer piece will be understood, especially if the reader bears in mind the comic function which the stage widow is always called upon to fulfil. I do not know why the widow should be conventionally regarded as a comic character, but so it has ever been, even when, as in "Money," she is shedding tears for the dear departed. As embodied by Messrs. Barnes and Blakeley, the fathers are conventionally funny too, albeit as far removed from nature as one could well conceive. The piece would probably have no chance at the Criterion under normal circumstances. But it makes an excellent summer bill.

EVIDENTLY summer audiences are derived from a more frivolous-minded section of the community than the regular playgoer. They are probably, to a great extent, provincial and American, these being the chief floating elements of the population in holiday time. It must, indeed, be owing to the increased facilities for travel that any considerable number of West End theatres are able to keep open throughout the season. Forty and fifty years ago the Londoner took his evening's entertainment, in summer, in his tea-gardens, of which there were many in the suburbs, and as there was no touring public to take his place at the theatres, these establishments closed. Nowadays there are always strangers enough in London to keep many theatres going. I have suggested that the taste of summer audiences is at least twenty years behind that of the general playgoing public, and this happens to be so at present. It is twenty or twenty-five years ago since the frenzied tomfooleries of the Hennequin school of farce were in vogue, and these never lose their charm for the unsophisticated playgoer. But a truer definition of the summer piece, perhaps, is that it remains everlastingly on the nonsense plane. Certainly, it is hard to conceive that twenty years hence, when the ordinary public shall have reverted to the broad farce of their childhood, the summer audience will be gravely engaged in spelling out the solution of the social problems which are the favourite theme of the authors of to-day.

"THE SAUCY SALLY," dating back twenty or twenty-five years ago, happens to accord exactly with the tastes of summer audiences. It is a huge practical joke, devised by that master of the hurry-scurry school, Alfred Hennequin, and, although it has but recently seen the light, it lay for many years, I believe, in the pigeon-holes of Mr. Charles Wyndham. Truly, plays no less than books are the sport of fate. Mr. Wyndham must have distrusted the attractions of "La Flamboyante," otherwise he would not have kept

it so long. Yet here it is, an unquestionable success, adding to Mr. Charles Hawtrey's reputation in a line of business which was once Mr. Wyndham's own. "The Saucy Sally" is an excellent sample of the dramatic happy thought. Once the cardinal idea is evolved, the play almost writes itself. Motive force is the great desideratum of an idea for the dramatist. Said a well-known playwright to me the other day: "Many men come to me with what they believe to be a first-rate situation for a play, proposing to collaborate. The hero, let me say, is buried up to his neck in sand on the sea-shore, with the tide rising. How is that for sensation? they ask. I answer that the idea is no good at all; it leads nowhere—it has no motive force." On the other hand, consider the motive of "The Saucy Sally." A gentleman of roving tastes having married and settled down, finds it convenient to have a pretext for leaving home for a month or two at a time. He pretends to be the captain of a vessel, which his wife has never seen, the *Saucy Sally*. Nothing simpler in appearance. But mark the *entrainement*! On his return from his periodical voyages the *soi-disant* captain is obliged to recount his imaginary adventures, which his mother-in-law carefully collects and, to his horror, publishes in book form, compelling him to buy up the whole edition as it leaves the printer's. An old salt, whose life has been saved by the captain of a *Saucy Sally*, insists upon heaping gratitude upon our hero, who does not know whether the tale is genuine or intended for his undoing. Worse still, the wife and her mother one day insist upon seeing the vessel as she puts to sea, and a fresh series of amiable subterfuges has accordingly to be entered upon. In short, from beginning to end the hero is involved in a network of absurd and inevitable misrepresentations and misunderstandings. The motive force of the piece is enough to carry the author off his legs. Such boisterous fun will never cease to have a place on the stage. At present, however, it is the summer audiences who seek it with most avidity.

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT appears to be harassed by a fear of losing the position of supremacy which she has held for five-and-twenty years in the theatrical world. It is difficult otherwise to explain her anxiety to meet Mme. Duse on the chosen ground of the latter, where she would almost necessarily be seen at a disadvantage, and to top Mme. Réjane's season in London by returning and giving a single performance of "La Dame aux Camélias" at Her Majesty's Theatre, outside the limits of her regular engagement. Her offer of the use of her Paris theatre to Mme. Duse, coupled with conditions which the latter was unable to accept, points in the same direction, and has inspired the Paris critics openly to suggest that "notre grande Sarah" would like to put her rivals "in her pocket." If such should be the great tragedienne's sentiments towards Mme. Duse and Mme. Réjane, they cannot be said to be happily inspired. While Mme. Sarah holds her own, and more, in the modern drama where

she comes in contact with both Duse and Réjane, she is supreme in a walk where they have never dared to enter—namely, that of classic tragedy. Some day she will be obliged to recognise that even with such a marvellous vitality as hers *on ne peut pas être et avoir été*; but in view of her unexampled versatility there seems to be no doubt but that she will rank definitively as the greatest actress not only of her period, but of all periods heretofore.

J. F. N.

SCIENCE.

For some weeks past one has heard little discussed in scientific circles but who was going to Toronto and who was not. After that the most important question has been, "What ship?" It is surprising what an immense number of people seem able to afford the time and expense for a holiday in Canada, and even more so that they should seek a relief from the routine of science by plunging into the sombre vortex of the British Association. There seems to be a mysterious fascination which these votaries know in listening to the sound of one's own voice addressing one's friends, and one's friends' voices addressing oneself. That seems to be the secret of the success of the British Association meetings, that and the simple human interest of meeting once more the people one can see every day.

It is supposed that the Colony has risen to the occasion of this visit, and means to repay the honour by special efforts of hospitality. All sorts of conveniences, from cheap return tickets to free cablegrams, have been arranged for, and on the other side facilities will be provided for some most interesting excursions. The Central Pacific Railway and the Grand Trunk have agreed to convey members over their lines at special rates; Niagara may be reached in a few hours from Toronto by the boats of the Ontario Navigation Co.; and another easy expedition will be that to the beautiful Muskoka Lake region. A committee on excursions has also provided for tours to Nova Scotia, Kingston, the Thousand Lakes, Montreal, Ottawa, &c. Then there are the gold mines of British Columbia, and if any are seized that way they may finish up with a fortune at Klondike in the Yukon. The latter, however, is not recommended in the papers at present as a health resort. If the Association meeting is not enough to engage the social energies of members, there will be others in the immediate neighbourhood. The American Association for the Advancement of Science, founded on the model of the British Association, meets a week earlier than the latter at Detroit, to give an opportunity for fusion. There are also the Society of American Naturalists, and the American Psychological Association, both of which have accepted invitations to be present at Toronto. The proceedings begin on August 18, and assuming, as I have said above, a predilection for this kind of symposium, everything augurs well for a highly successful meeting.

ALL who take an interest in the educational influence of London, and who desire to see it placed upon a footing worthy of the greatest city in the world, will wish well to the Bill which has just passed its second reading in the House of Lords, for appointing a new Commission to deal with the University question. The Commission proposed is a strong one, embodying Lord Davey as chairman, the Bishop of London, Lord Lister, Sir Owen Roberts, Sir William Roberts, Prof. Jebb, and Mr. Busk, the chairman of convocation of the present so-called London University. This body is empowered, under the terms of the Bill, to make statutes and regulations for the new teaching University, in accordance generally with the decisions of the Cowper Commission, but only after a full hearing of all the conflicting bodies and persons interested, and with due consideration of the changes which have taken place in London, since the Cowper Commission, in the direction of improved technical instruction. The Commission is prohibited from assigning money for any purposes tending to restrict freedom of belief; and when all is said and done its decrees are not to be regarded as absolute until they have been confirmed by an order of the Queen in Council, before which tribunal any body feeling itself aggrieved can appeal. It is hardly to be wondered at that a measure which provides so many loopholes, and such full opportunities for the ventilation of particular points of view, should obtain the assent of practically all the parties involved. That, indeed, is its great merit, for the mutual antagonisms were so hot that it seemed impossible they should ever be reconciled. Now that they have once been brought down to a common ground, and that a successful compromise has been discovered, it is to be hoped that the struggle will end, and that the various isolated colleges will allow themselves to be amalgamated into a greater University of London, in which their liberties will not be curtailed or their dignities impaired, but in which they may work together with a fuller and ampler usefulness.

H. C. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

Whitehall: July 26.

I condole with Mr. Tyler on the desertion of Mr. Sidney Lee from the rapidly thinning ranks of those who believe that the "Mr. W. H." of the Sonnets can be identified with the Earl of Pembroke. Probably Mr. Lee, like many others of us, was at first dazzled by the specious structure of Mr. Tyler's theory, and, like many others of us, has since found that on further analysis the unsubstantial pageant faded into nothingness. Allow me to call attention once again to the damning fact which makes the identity of the Dark Woman with Mary Fitton incredible. The Dark Woman is shown by Sonnet clii.—"in act thy bed-vow broke"—to have been a faithless wife. Now Mr. Tyler has entirely failed to show that Mary Fitton was a married woman at the time of her intrigue with Lord Pembroke; and as there was a question whether Pembroke himself would not marry her, it is surely obvious that she must have been still marriageable.

Further, the Pembroke theory requires that

the bulk of the Sonnets should have been written between the years 1598 and 1601. Now I would go to the stake for it, that the language and thought of the Sonnets is not that of the plays written during those three years, and is that of the plays written during the years 1592-1594. If Mr. Tyler doubts this, let me refer him to the very careful study of the point by Hermann I-aac in the German *Shakespeare-Jahrbuch* for 1884. As to the dedication by T. T., it can readily be made to fit most theories. The meaning preferred by Mr. Tyler is the straightforward one, but I do not think you can make a canon of it, that the least strained interpretation of an Elizabethan document of the kind is necessarily the most correct. And please observe that I content myself with denying that the Sonnets refer to Lord Pembroke: I do not assert that they refer to Lord Southampton. In the present state of the evidence, I conceive that a suspense of judgment is the proper critical attitude. But I must own that I should not be surprised if *Willobie's Avis*, which Mr. Tyler dismisses so curtly, were in the end to give us the clue. The authorship and intention of that curious poem are at present an unsolved mystery, but that H. W. and his familiar friend, W. S., both of whom have apparently been in love with *Avis*, have something to do with the story of the Sonnets, I feel sure. Can no one throw any light on Henry Willobie?

E. K. CHAMBERS.

PAMELA FITZGERALD.

Paris: July 28.

Allow me to demur to your remark that Pamela was "almost certainly the daughter of the Duke of Orleans by Mme. de Genlis." In the *ACADEMY* of June 24, 1893, I gave reasons for the belief that she was really, as asserted by Mme. de Genlis, Nancy Sims, of Fogo, Newfoundland. As to her "natural aptitude for intrigue," she seems to me to have had no capacity for being more than a tool in the hands of others. The kind of intellectual hot-house in which she was brought up did not counteract the intellectual mediocrity of her parentage.

J. G. ALGER.

"A DAUGHTER OF THE KLEPHTS."

Aberdeen: July 27.

In a little notice of my book *A Daughter of the Klephts*, which appeared in your issue of July 23, the reviewer started off with the assertion: "Recent events appear to have stimulated a mushroom crop of novels and other books dealing with modern Greece." He or she may be interested to learn that my book was in the hands of its present publishers for a whole year before its issue, which was accidentally delayed. It was the result of visits to Greece, and of knowledge sufficient at least to foresee what was about to happen. I "claim" for it that anybody who made himself acquainted with the facts and feelings embodied in my story would have understood recent developments better than some of our "leader-writers" seemed to do! I know the book was written for girls: it is as necessary to inform them as any other class of the community, especially nowadays, when many young women scarcely out of their teens blossom into journalists, and, in their turn, instruct the public mind and conscience.

I trust you will publish this letter, as to those who may read the review the value of the book might be destroyed by your reviewer's false premise.

(Mrs.) ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

THE FRENCHMAN IN ENGLISH FICTION.

London: July 26.

With much that Miss Lynch says in your last issue everyone who has the slightest acquaintance with France must agree entirely. But when she insists upon the impossibility of the attempted seduction of Kitty by Victor Desanges, it is worth noting that the theme of Mlle. de Bovet's last novel, *Parole jurée*, is the *liaison* between the hero and an unmarried girl whom he has met socially. It certainly surprised me, as it may surprise Miss Lynch, to see that in Mlle. de Bovet's opinion an unmarried woman may be, notoriously, the mistress of a married man, and yet not forfeit social consideration. In fact, I don't believe a word of it. But if a Frenchwoman asserts that such is the case what is the poor English novelist to do?

A READER.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

Mr. BRAM STOKER's book is explained to be a version of the "were-wolf" legend, of which the setting is England of the present day, and the manner the documentary system of many hands favoured by Wilkie Collins. The translation of the monster to English soil is pronounced by the *Speaker* to be a distinct success; and "it says much for the author's command of his gruesome theme that in spite of being thus handicapped in his methods, he has succeeded in making the story intensely interesting. . . . The supernatural element is managed with . . . an appearance of realism that is extremely ingenious." The *Chronicle* pronounces that "the impossibilities of the subject are handled with such fertility and ingenuity that *Dracula* is not likely to leave room for imitators. Mr. Stoker's vampire will remain unique." The story, says the *Pall Mall*, "is horrid and creepy to the last degree. It is also excellent, and one of the best things in the supernatural line that we have been lucky enough to hit on. . . . Mr. Stoker has mastered the real secrets of a genuine 'creep'; . . . and there is a creep in every dozen pages or so." The *Daily News* asks, what of the general decay of faith? "Here . . . is Mr. Bram Stoker taking in hand the old-world legend of the were-wolf, or vampire, with all its weird and exciting associations of blood-sucking and human-flesh-devouring, and interweaving it with the threads of a long story with an earnestness, a directness, and a simple good faith which ought to go far to induce readers of fiction to surrender their imaginations into the novelist's hands." "Never," writes Mr. Courtney in the *Daily Telegraph*, "was so mystical a tale told with such simple verisimilitude." But he finds something opposed to "modern ethical principles" in the idea of the innocent persons who, by the extraneous influence of the monster develop a like unnatural lust. "Mr. Bram Stoker," writes the *Saturday*, "cannot boast of any elegance of style; but at least he is plain and straightforward, and tells his story without any of the vulgar clap-trap and magniloquent balderdash with which some writers of this class of fiction disfigure their books."

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